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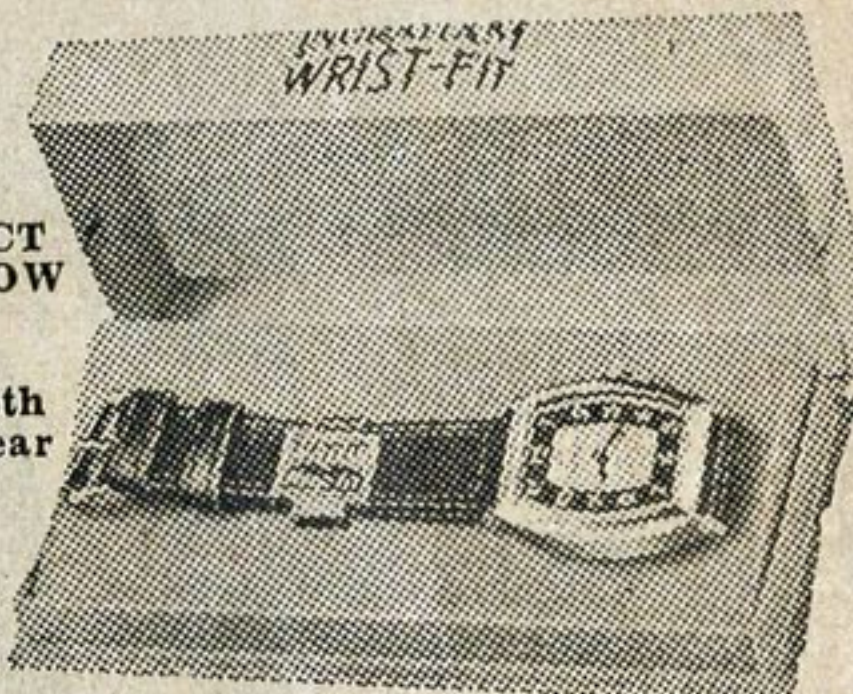


GIVEN

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ACT
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56th
Year



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GIVEN - GIVEN

Premiums - Cash Commission



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GIVEN - GIVEN

Premiums - Cash Commission

ACT
NOW

BOYS - GIRLS
LADIES - MEN

BE
FIRST

56th
YEAR



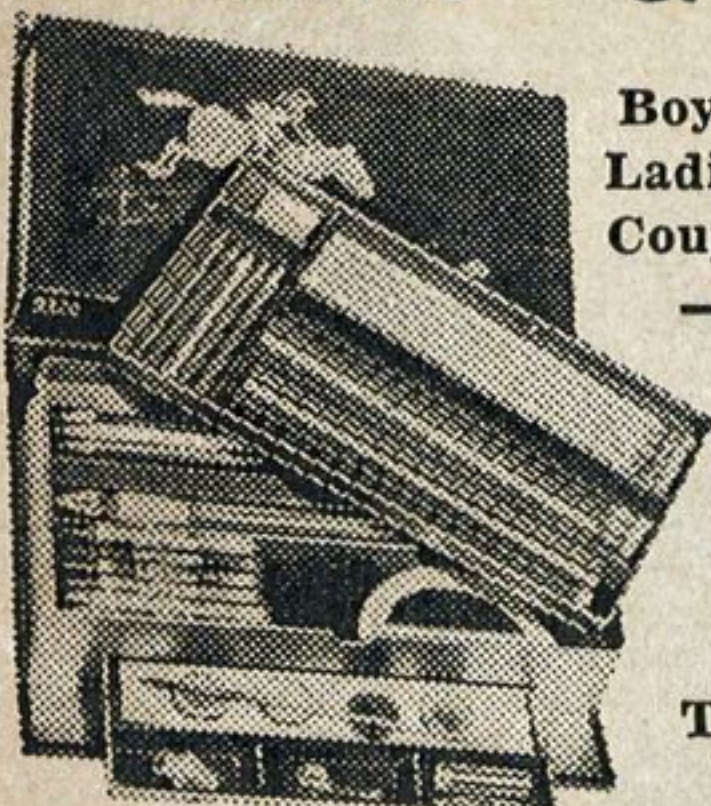
Mail
Coupon



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TRUST
YOU

Be
First

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Now

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MAIL COUPON TODAY

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Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 13 colorful art pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name Age.....
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Name Here

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

A QUEEN for the Voodoo CHIEF



OUR STORY REALLY BEGINS ON THE NIGHT JERI ADAMS MADE HER SENSATIONAL DEBUT BEFORE THE TELEVISION CAMERAS -- A NIGHT THAT GAVE NO HINT OF IMPENDING TERROR!



TO DANNY'S SURPRISE, JERI REVEALED NOTHING BUT A PROSAIC, UNEVENTFUL PAST-- EVEN HER ANCESTORS WERE COMPLETELY ORDINARY PEOPLE--



"YOU ASKED FOR IT-- SO HERE IT IS! ACTUALLY, YOU MIGHT SAY MY LIFE STORY BEGAN CENTURIES AGO, IN THE FORBIDDEN JUNGLES OF HAITI! FAR FROM CIVILIZATION, THERE LIVED A WILD TRIBE OF VODOO WORSHIPPERS, RULED BY A MYSTERIOUS WHITE QUEEN!"

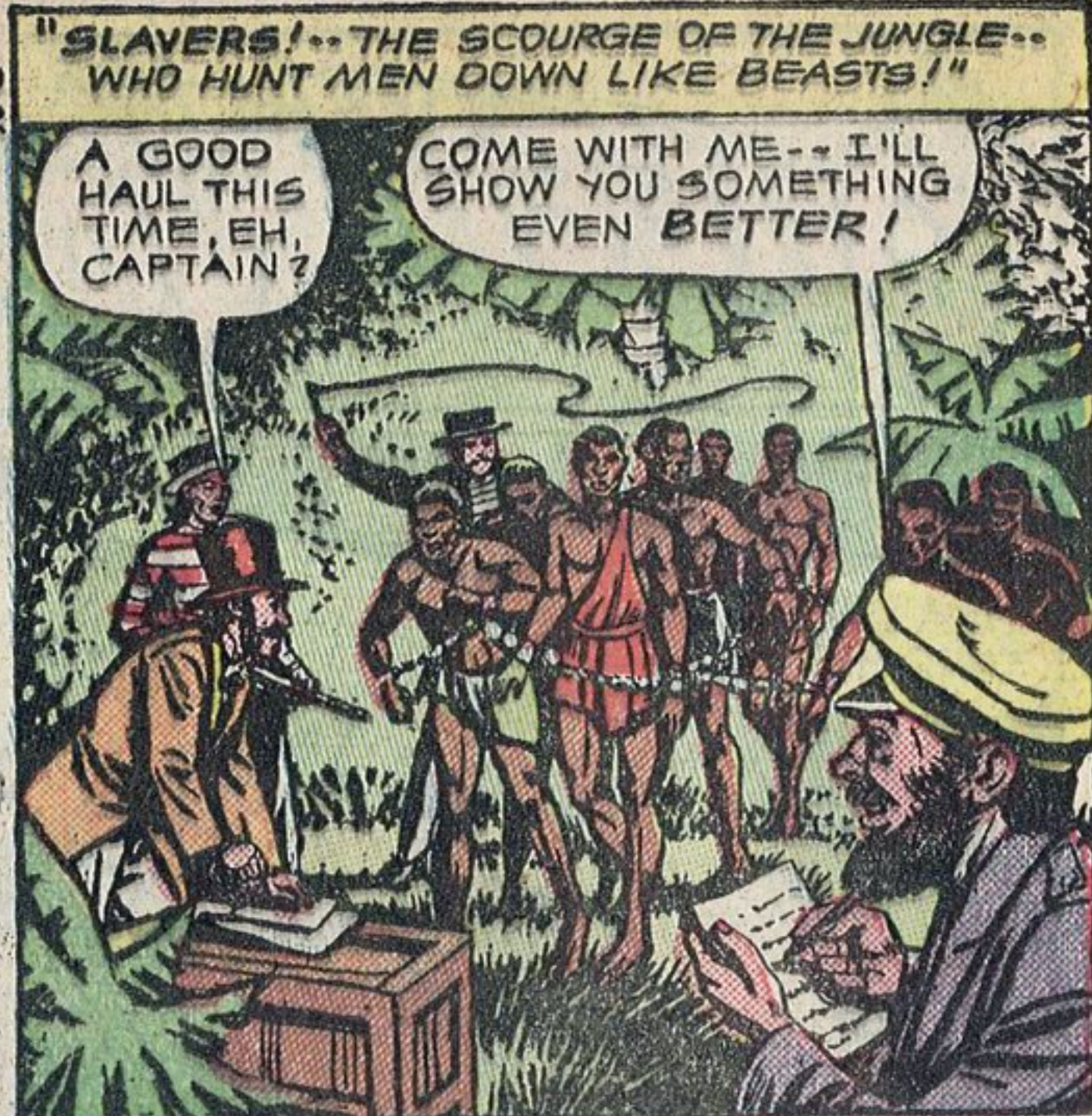


"EVERY GENERATION SAW A NEW QUEEN, THE DAUGHTER OF THE OLD, AND EACH BORE THE CRESCENT-SHAPED MARK OF NAFARIS ON HER SHOULDER. UNDER THEIR WISE AND GENTLE RULE, THE TRIBE GREW POWERFUL AND PROSPEROUS-- UNTIL ONE DAY..."



O GREAT NAFARIS-- WHAT WICKED MEN ARE THESE WHO KILL OUR PEOPLE WITH THEIR STRANGE THUNDERSTICKS?

I DO NOT KNOW-- BUT WE ARE HELPLESS AGAINST THEM!



A GOOD HAUL THIS TIME, EH, CAPTAIN?

COME WITH ME-- I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING EVEN BETTER!



WHAT THE--! A WHITE GAL!

YEAH-- SHE'S THEIR QUEEN! OUGHTA FETCH A HANDSOME PRICE IN THE STATES!

HOW DARE YOU LAY HANDS ON NAFARIS?



"AND SO NAFARIS WAS BROUGHT TO AMERICA TO BE SOLD AS A SLAVE! THE BIDDING FOR THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL WAS HIGH--"

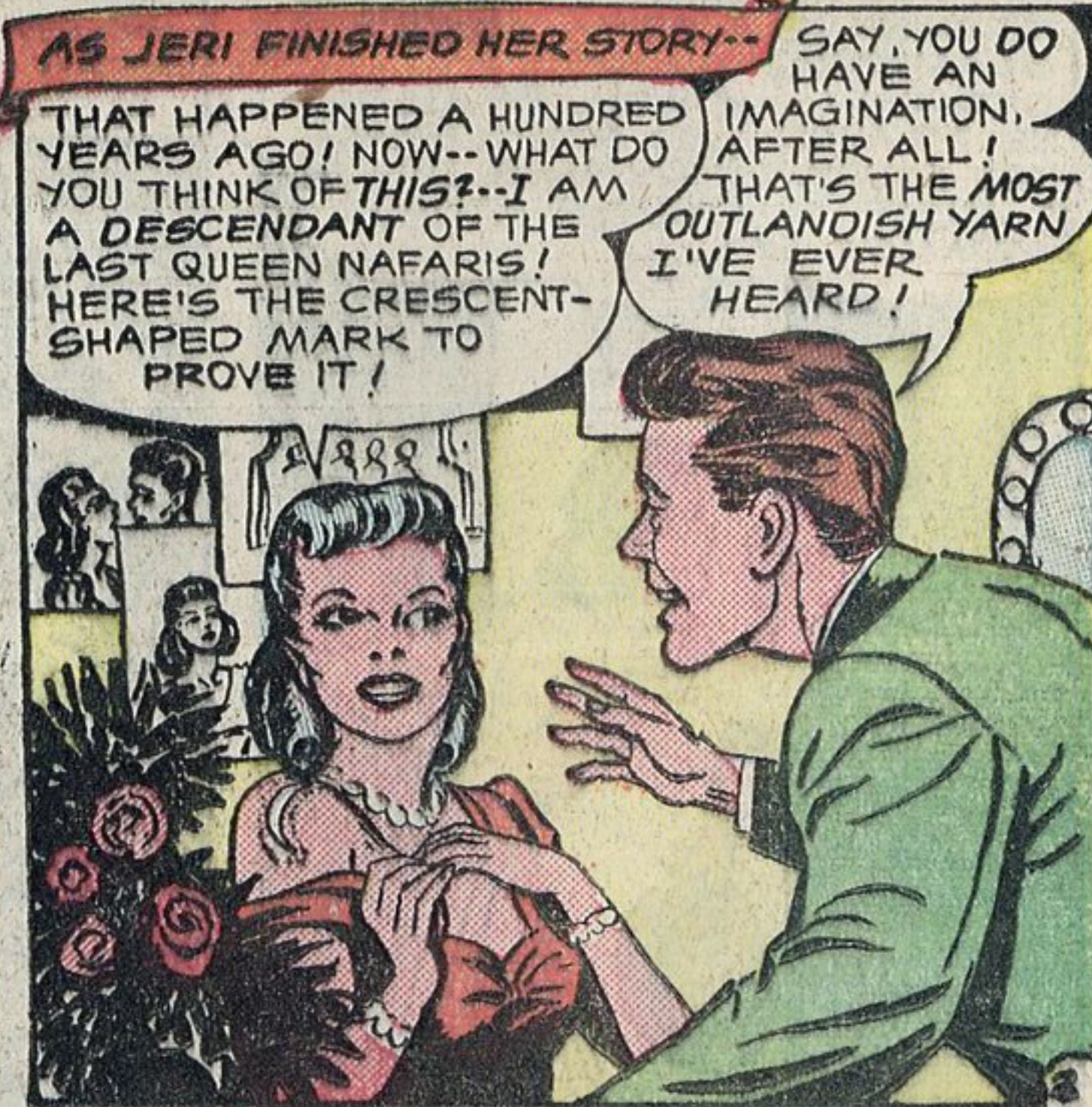
COME, GENTLEMEN-- WHAT MORE AM I BID FOR THIS PROUD BEAUTY WHO ONCE RULED AN ISLAND EMPIRE? GOING-- GOING--

SIR, I WILL TOP ALL BIDS FOR THE GIRL!



NAFARIS-- BE MY QUEEN! I LOVE YOU!

AT LAST-- NAFARIS HAS A KING!



AS JERI FINISHED HER STORY--

THAT HAPPENED A HUNDRED YEARS AGO! NOW-- WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?-- I AM A DESCENDANT OF THE LAST QUEEN NAFARIS! HERE'S THE CRESCENT-SHAPED MARK TO PROVE IT!

SAY, YOU DO HAVE AN IMAGINATION, AFTER ALL! THAT'S THE MOST OUTLANDISH YARN I'VE EVER HEARD!



...SO JERI'S STORY WAS PRINTED -- LAUGHED AT -- AND THUS BEGAN A CHAIN OF EVENTS SO LADEN WITH HORROR AS TO CHILL THE VERY IMAGINATION!



A FEW DAYS LATER -- A SWIFT, SLEEK PASSENGER PLANE, HIGH ABOVE THE DARK JUNGLES OF HAITI, SPUTTERS, PLUMMETS EARTHWARD--



OVERCOMING THEIR SUPERSTITIOUS FEAR OF THE WRECKED PLANE, THE NATIVES BEGAN LOOTING IT OF ITS PRECIOUS CARGO! SUDDENLY--



IT IS NAFARIS--NAFARIS! THE GREAT WHITE QUEEN WHOSE IMAGE WE HAVE WORSHIPPED SINCE SHE WAS TORN FROM OUR MIDST A HUNDRED YEARS AGO! SHE STILL LIVES!



THAT NIGHT, THE TRIBE HELD A COUNCIL TO DISCUSS THE MOMENTOUS TURN OF EVENTS! KUFIR, THE WITCH DOCTOR, SPOKE--



O CHIEF--WE ALL KNOW THAT SINCE OUR GREAT WHITE QUEEN, NAFARIS, WAS DRAGGED AWAY FROM THE JUNGLE, OUR TRIBE HAS FALLEN UPON HARD TIMES! IF, HOWEVER, WE COULD GET NAFARIS BACK--

IF WE COULD-- AND HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO ACCOMPLISH THIS, KUFIR?

I HAVE BEEN AMONGST WHITE MEN BEFORE-- I KNOW THEIR CUSTOMS! I WILL GO TO AMERICA--TO NAFARIS-- AND TELL OUR QUEEN WE NEED HER!



BY THIS TIME, JERI AND DANNY HAD FORGOTTEN THEIR QUARREL! ONE EVENING--



GOSH, DANNY-- I WAS WRONG ABOUT YOU-- YOU'VE HELPED ME A LOT!

FORGET IT-- I HAD REASONS!

NAFARIS!-- AT LAST I'VE FOUND YOU!

O GREAT QUEEN NAFARIS-- YOUR PEOPLE AWAIT YOU! RETURN WITH ME NOW-- TO THE LAND OF YOUR BIRTH!

HA! A CHARACTER!

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE BELIEVED THAT STORY YOU PRINTED!

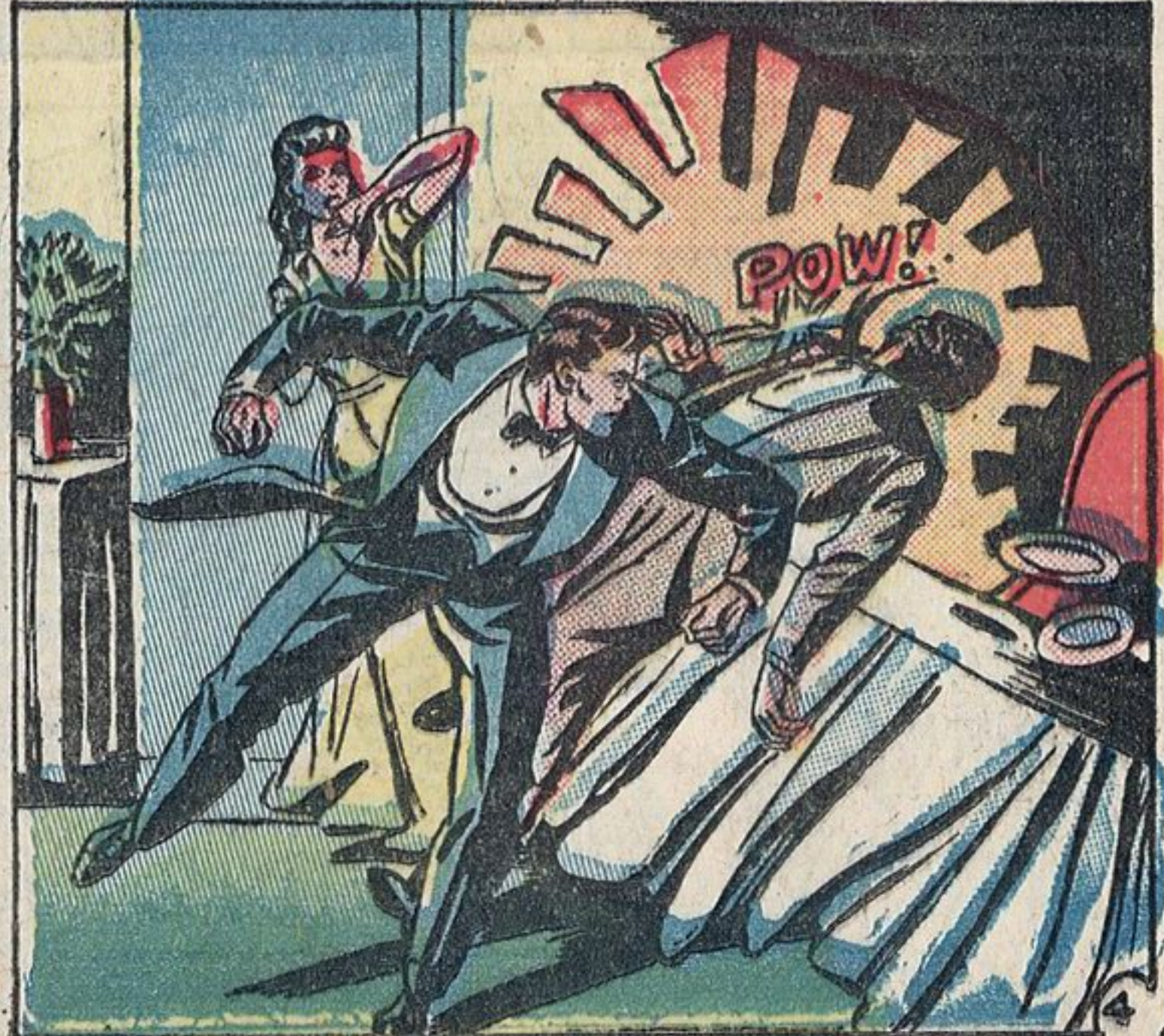


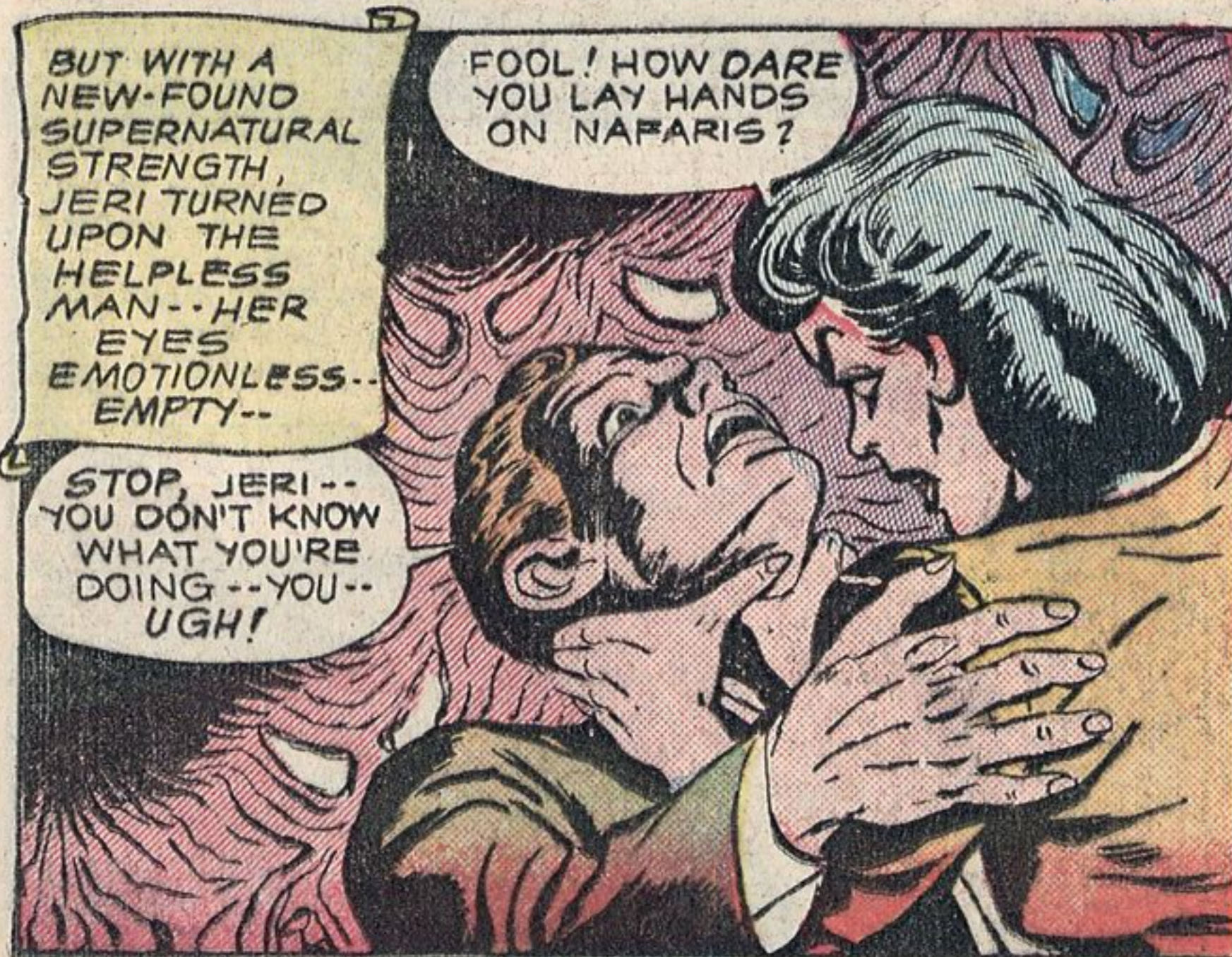
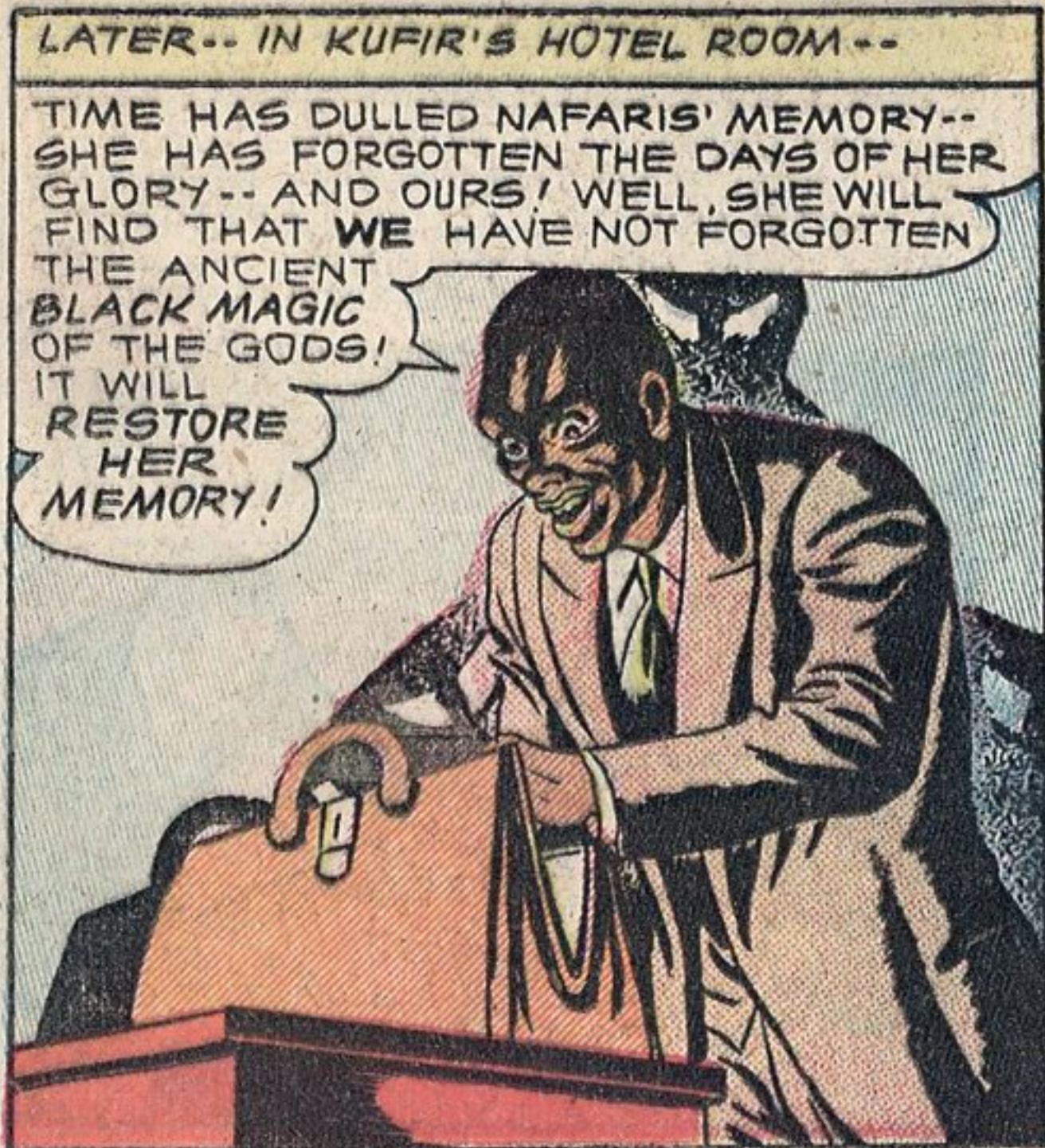
BUT-- WHAT SEEMED TO BE AN INNOCENT JOKE TURNED OUT TO BE DEADLY SERIOUS--

WHAT--! STOP! YOU'RE HURTING MY ARM!-- DANNY!

YOU FORGET YOUR DUTY TO YOUR PEOPLE, NAFARIS-- YOU MUST COME WITH ME!

WHY, YOU--





REALIZING NOW THAT HE WAS UP AGAINST SOMETHING SINISTER-- SOMETHING UNNATURAL-- DANNY SOUGHT OUT THE ONE MAN IN THE WORLD WHO COULD HELP HIM -- DR. JOHN MARBERRY, RESEARCHER IN PSYCHIC PHENOMENA--

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, DANNY?

IT MAY SOUND SCREWY, DOCTOR... BUT HERE GOES--



AFTER DANNY HAD UNFOLDED HIS FANTASTIC TALE--

IT MAY COME AS A SURPRISE TO YOU-- BUT JERI TOLD THE TRUTH! THERE WAS A WHITE QUEEN CALLED NAFARIS-- AND JERI COULD BE HER DESCENDANT! LOOK HERE--



ACCORDING TO THIS BOOK, NAFARIS' OLD TRIBE STILL EXISTS! THE MAN YOU MET IN THE NIGHT CLUB WAS DOUBTLESS SENT BY THEM TO TAKE NAFARIS--OR JERI-- BACK TO HAITI! APPARENTLY, HE PUT HER UNDER A VOODOO SPELL, AND--

BUT-- THAT MEANS JERI IS--

EXACTLY! JERI HAS BEEN FORCIBLY ABDUCTED INTO THE MIDST OF ONE OF THE WILDEST JUNGLE TRIBES IN THE WORLD--A TRIBE WHOSE CHIEF WEAPON IS BLACK MAGIC!



IT'S-- UNBELIEVABLE! WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST I DO, DOCTOR?

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING YOU CAN DO, MY BOY-- GO AFTER HER!



OF COURSE. I'LL GO-- BUT WHAT CAN I DO ALONE-- AGAINST THAT WHOLE TRIBE OF-- SORCERERS?

ALL MY LIFE I'VE WANTED TO PUT MY BOOK KNOWLEDGE AGAINST THE LIVING FORCES OF THE SUPERNATURAL! NOW YOU'VE GIVEN ME THE CHANCE! I'M GOING WITH YOU!

FEVERISH PREPARATIONS WERE QUICKLY MADE-- AND A FEW DAYS LATER--

IT'S A CINCH THEIR WITCHCRAFT WON'T WORK AGAINST THESE!

THERE IT IS, DANNY-- HAITI! LAND OF VOODOO AND BLACK MAGIC!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT-- FAR BELOW IN THE DENSE JUNGLE -- JERI AWOKE FROM HER VODOO SPELL-- AWOKE TO TERROR!

WHERE AM I? HOW DID I GET HERE? OH-- MY HEAD!

KUFIR! COME QUICKLY-- THE WHITE QUEEN HAS ARISEN!



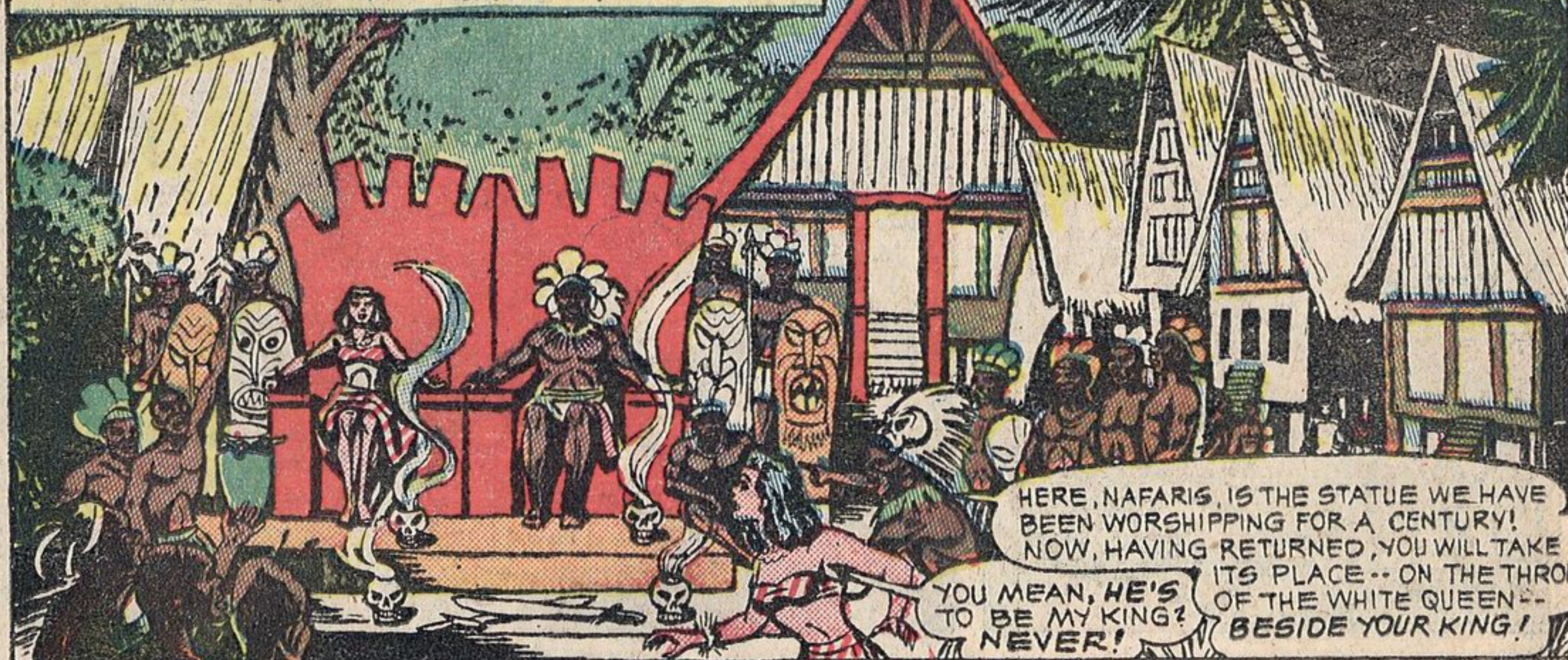
HORRIFIED-- JERI RECOGNIZED THE STRANGE MAN OF THE NIGHT CLUB INCIDENT--

O MIGHTY NAFARIS-- WELCOME BACK TO YOUR PEOPLE! UNDER YOUR RULE, WE SHALL ONCE AGAIN WAX RICH AND POWERFUL!

YOU! THIS IS RIDICULOUS! I'M JERI ADAMS-- AND I DEMAND TO BE SET FREE!



BUT PROTESTS AWAILED HER LITTLE! INSTEAD, SHE WAS CONDUCTED TO A WILD, PAGAN SCENE! AND THERE, ENTHRONED NEXT TO THE FIERCE CHIEF, SHE SAW A STRANGE AND ANCIENT REPLICA -- OF HERSELF!



HERE, NAFARIS, IS THE STATUE WE HAVE BEEN WORSHIPPING FOR A CENTURY! NOW, HAVING RETURNED, YOU WILL TAKE ITS PLACE-- ON THE THRONE OF THE WHITE QUEEN-- BESIDE YOUR KING!

YOU MEAN, HE'S TO BE MY KING? NEVER!

IT WAS THEN THAT HYSTERIA OVERTOOK JERI! SEIZING A MACHETE, SHE RUSHED FORWARD, AND--

IF THIS IS THE TIE THAT BINDS ME TO YOU, I'LL BREAK IT, NOW!

CRACK!



BUT THE AMERICAN GIRL DID NOT RECKON ON THE SLAVISH SUPERSTITION OF THESE VODOO WORSHIPERS! HER BLOOD RAN COLD AS KUFIR SPOKE--

FOR SUCH BLASPHEMY, YOU MUST DIE TONIGHT-- BEFORE THE VODOO FIRES!

OH-- NO!



A FEW HOURS LATER-- IN THE
NEARBY JUNGLE --

ACCORDING TO THE
MAP--WE'RE NEAR
NAFARIS' COUNTRY!

LISTEN, DOC--
WHAT'S THAT
BOOMING
NOISE?



JUNGLE DRUMS!--THE MOST TERRIFYING SOUND
EVER HEARD BY HUMAN EARS! DR. MARBERRY'S
FACE WHITENED AS HE LISTENED TO THEIR
HIDEOUS MESSAGE--

GREAT SCOTT! THE NATIVES
HAVE TURNED AGAINST
NAFARIS! SHE'S TO
BE SACRIFICED--
WITHIN THE HOUR!

JERI! G'MON,
DOC--
HURRY!



A MAD RACE--AGAINST DEATH!

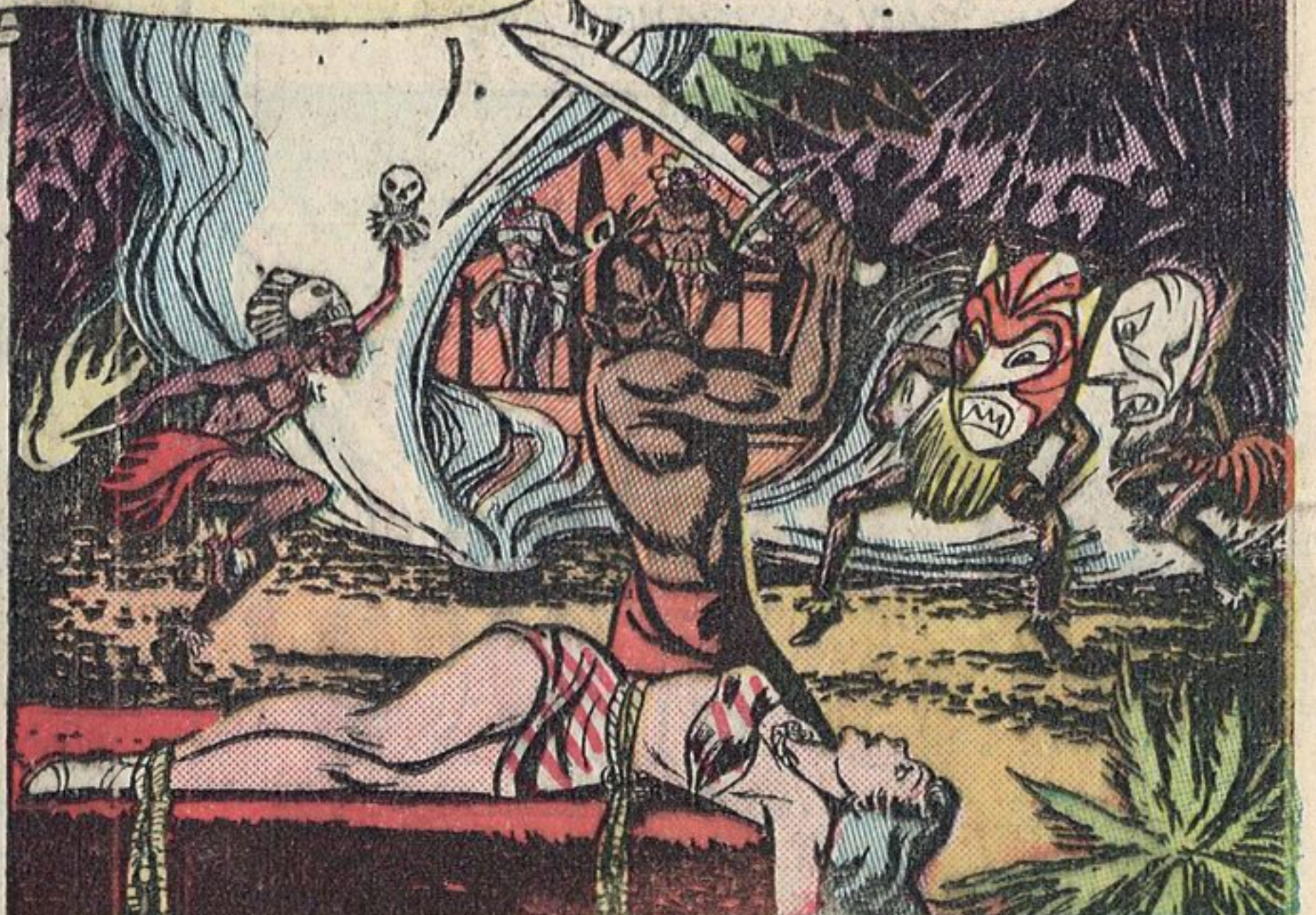
THESE
VINES--
LIKE
STRANGLING
SNAKES--
HOLDING
US BACK!

NOT
MUCH--
TIME,
DANNY!



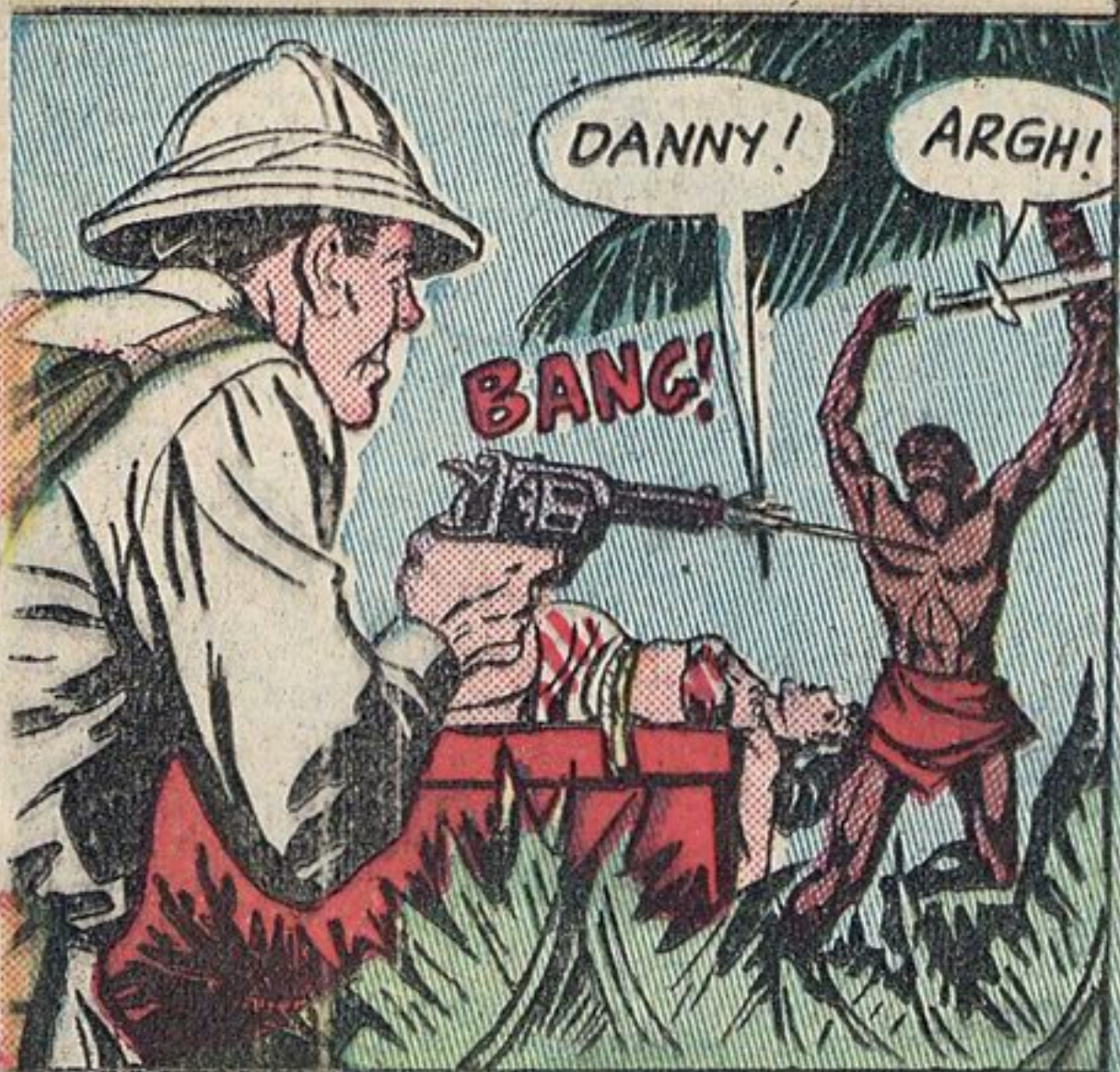
EVEN AT THAT VERY
MOMENT, JERI ADAMS,
TELEVISION STAR,
WAS ABOUT TO DIE
HORRIBLY ON A PAGAN
ALTAR OF SACRIFICE--

O GREAT NAFARIS--WE
OFFER YOU THE BLOOD
OF THIS TRAITOR! MAY
YOUR WRATH BE
APPEASED! LET
THE KNIFE FALL!



BUT THE EVIL WITCH DOCTOR HAD NOT
COUNTED ON AMERICAN COURAGE AND
ENDURANCE! EVEN AS THE
GREAT SWORD FELL--

WHILE THE DOCTOR HELD THE ENRAGED TRIBESMEN
AT BAY, DANNY CUT JERI FREE! NOW BUT ONE
THOUGHT FILLED THEIR MINDS--ESCAPE!



DANNY!

ARGH!

BANG!



WE'LL HAVE TO
MOVE FAST--OR
WE'RE DONE
FOR!

I-- I FEEL
SO WEAK!

RAT-TAT-TAT

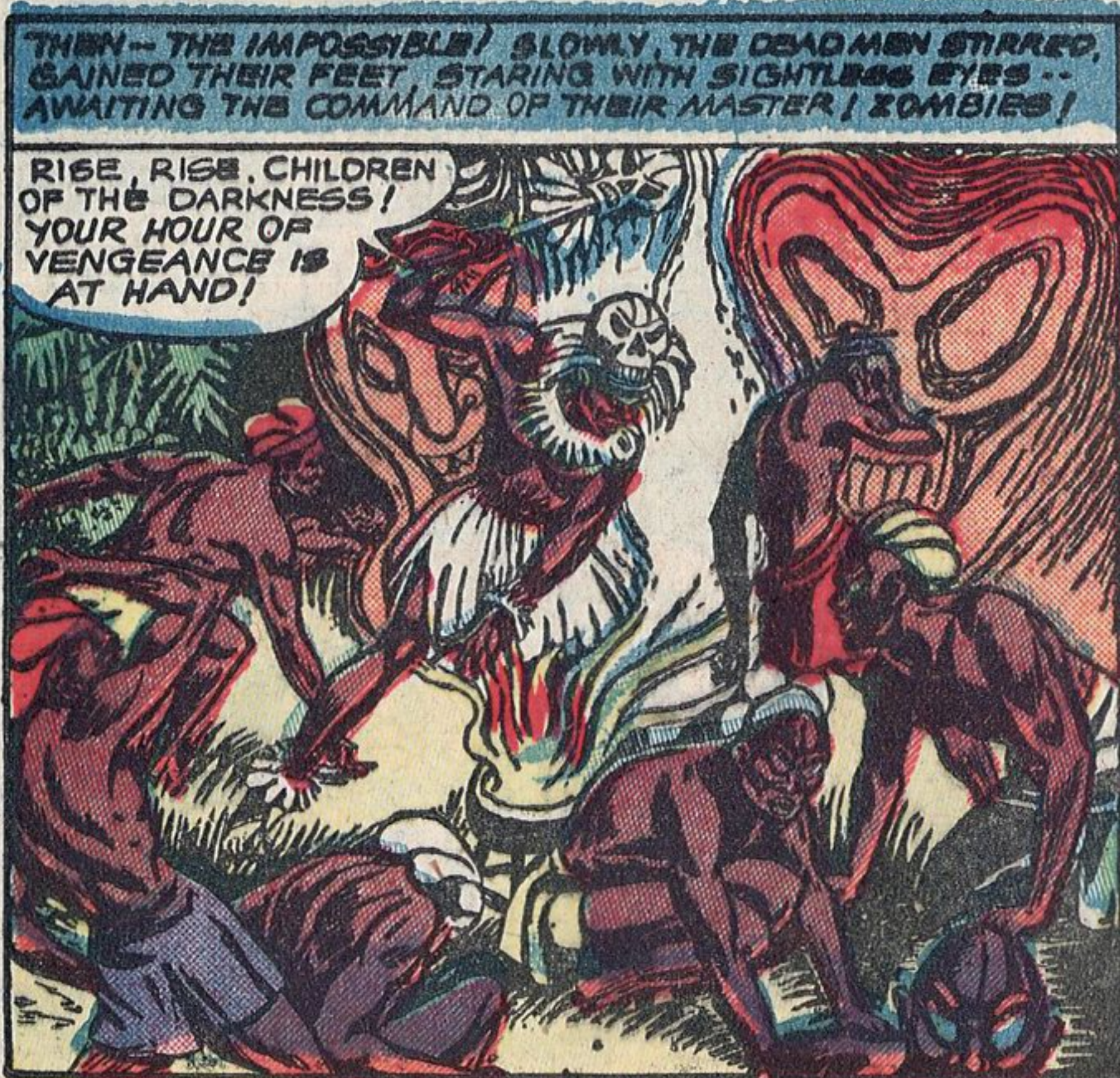
GLOWED DOWN BY THE WEAKENED JERI, THE FUGITIVES FROM TERROR WERE IN DANGER OF BEING SUR-
ROUNDED BY THEIR VICIOUS PURSUERS--



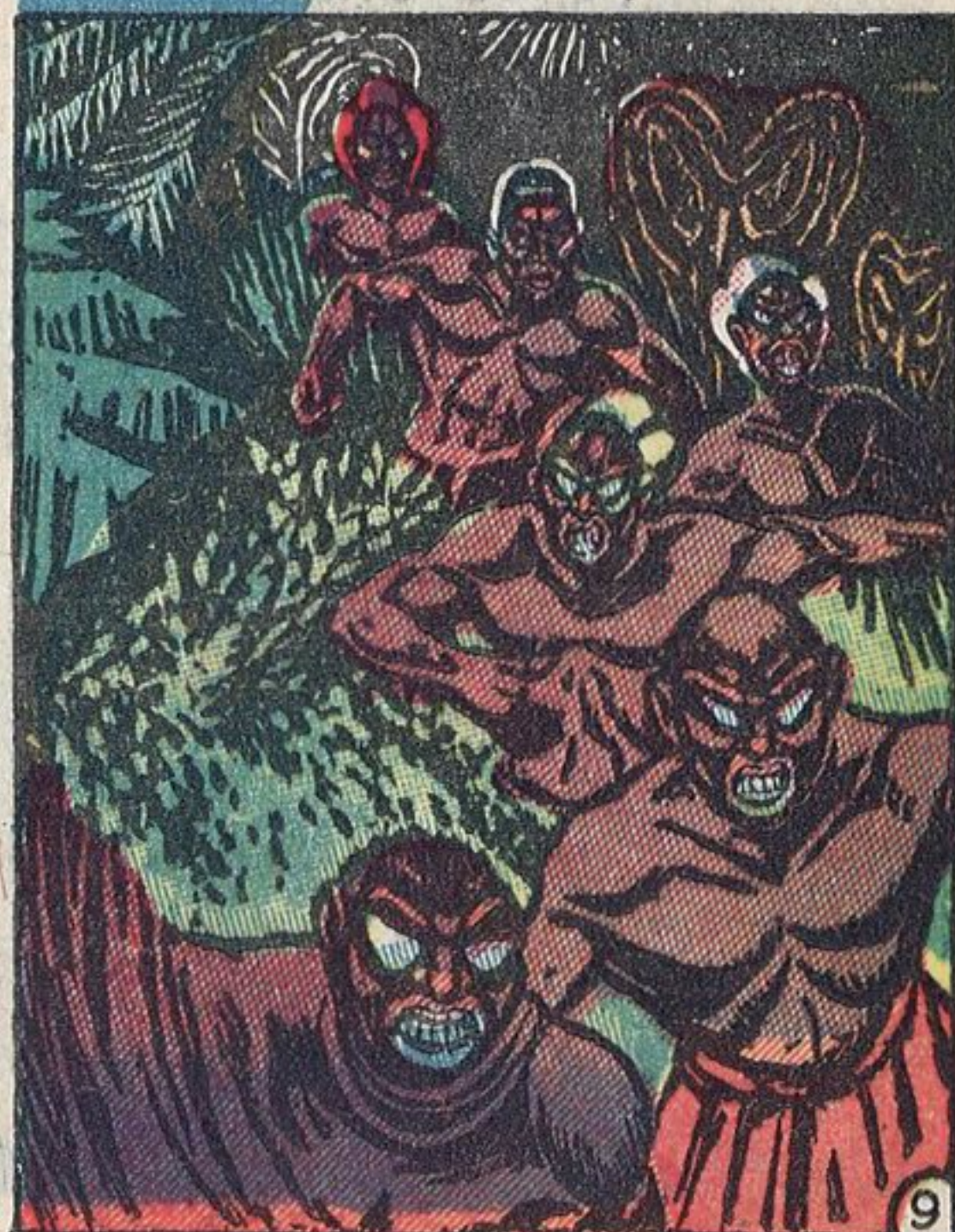
A NATURAL FORT! NOW THEY COMMANDED A VIEW OF ALL APPROACHES-- AND THERE WAS PLENTY OF AMMUNITION--



ALONE, KUPIR RETURNED TO THE VILLAGE AND THE BODIES OF THE SLAIN TRIBESMEN! THERE, IN THE SILENT JUNGLE, A GRISLY RITUAL TOOK PLACE--



STIFFLY, MECHANICALLY, THE TERRIFYING PROCESSION MOVED THROUGH THE JUNGLE ON THEIR UNSPEAKABLE ERRAND-- A LEGION OF THE LIVING DEAD!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD--

LOOK--
ANOTHER
ATTACK!
BUT THEY
HAVE NO
WEAPONS!
THERE'S
SOMETHING
STRANGE
ABOUT
THIS!

WELL, IF IT'S
A SUICIDE
ATTACK--THEY
CAME TO THE
RIGHT
PLACE!

**A BURST OF DEATH-DEALING MACHINE-GUN
FIRE -- AND NOW DANNY AND HIS FRIENDS
WERE SEIZED BY A NAMELESS HORROR--**

DOC! THEY--THEY
KEEP COMING!
I CAN SEE THE
BULLETS STRIKE,
BUT--

GREAT SCOTT!
ZOMBIES!
THE FIENDS HAVE
RESORTED TO
BLACK
MAGIC!

HA! SEE-- OUR
ENEMIES ARE
HELPLESS AGAINST
THE UNKNOWN!
VICTORY IS OURS!
-- KILL! KILL!

**AT THE CAVE, THE SITUATION LOOKED
HOPELESS FOR THE DEFENDERS--**

WE'VE GOT ONLY ONE CHANCE-- MY
KNOWLEDGE OF THE SUPERNATURAL!
THIS CLAY-- DANNY,
CAN YOU HOLD THEM
OFF FOR 5 MINUTES?
YOU MUST!

THIS IS
IT, DOC--
HERE THEY
COME!

WE'RE GOING TO FIGHT THEM ON
THEIR OWN TERMS-- WITH BLACK
MAGIC THAT MY ANCIENT
BOOKS TAUGHT ME!

RUSH IT! BULLETS
WON'T WORK-- I'M
DOWN TO USING
ROCKS NOW!

THE DOCTOR LABORED WITH
FRANTIC HASTE-- AND IN HIS
SKILLED HANDS, THE WET
CLAY TOOK ON THE SHAPE
OF -- KUFIR!

WE'RE FRESH OUT OF ROCKS,
DOC-- AND THESE LIFELESS
CREEPS ARE CREEPING
BACK FAST!

I NEED
ONE MORE
MINUTE!

YOU'VE GOT YOUR
MINUTE, DOC--
THAT'S HOW
LONG IT'LL TAKE
THESE DEVILS
TO TEAR ME
APART!

OH, NO!
DANNY!

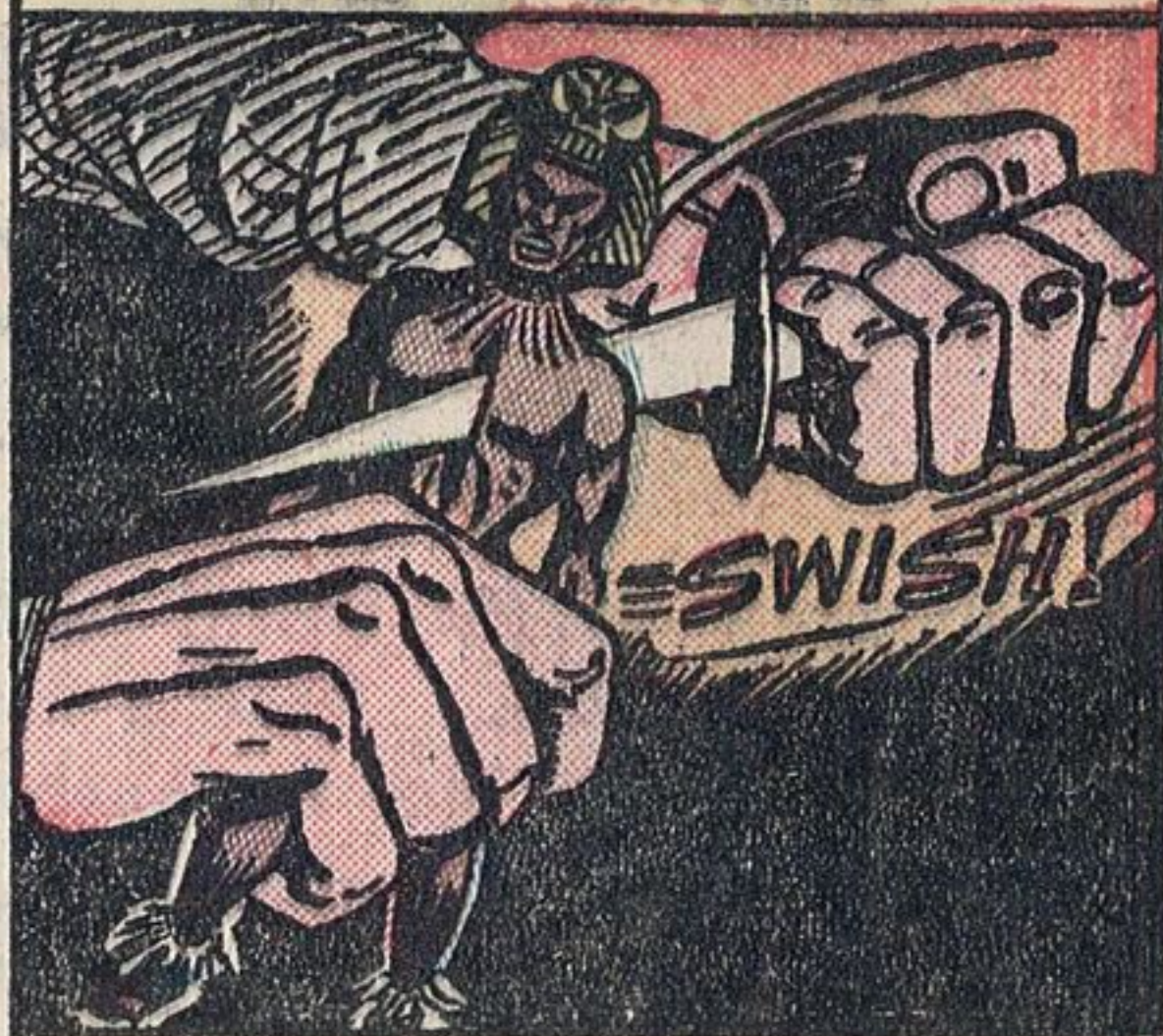
OH, PLEASE
HURRY,
DOCTOR--
THEY'VE
GOT
DANNY!

HOLD ON-- IT'S
FINISHED!

WHAT MAN, HOWEVER BRAVE, CAN HOPE TO WITHSTAND AN ONSLAUGHT OF SUPERSTRONG ZOMBIES? IT SEEMED THAT DANNY HAD SACRIFICED HIS LIFE IN VAIN--



AT THAT MOMENT-- WITH THREE LIVES AT STAKE--



AND EVEN AS THE DOLL'S HEART IS PIERCED-- DEATH CLAIMS ITS HUMAN COUNTERPART!



UNCONTROLLED-- THE ZOMBIES FALTERED, FELL--



THUS ONCE AGAIN DID CIVILIZED MAN PROVE HIS SUPERIORITY OVER THE EVIL OF A DEAD PAST! ... SOME DAYS LATER, WE FIND OUR HEROINE BACK IN THE TELEVISION LIMELIGHT--



DANNY! YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED THE LAST TIME I GAVE YOU A STORY! BETTER FORGET IT!



AH, BUT THIS IS A DIFFERENT KIND OF STORY-- AND I CAN'T PRINT IT WITHOUT YOUR OKAY! THE HEADLINE WILL BE, "TELEVISION QUEEN MARRIES REPORTER!" -- HOW ABOUT IT?



HERE'S MY ANSWER-- YOUR MAJESTY!



Devil-doomed SANDMAN

JOAN'S EYES WERE bitter with self-reproach. What a fool she'd been to quarrel with her husband on a night of storm and shipwreck! Surely only a woman bereft of her senses would seek the loneliness of a gale-lashed beach when the cottages on the bluff blazed with so much light and warmth! Gathering up her skirts, she started back across the sandbar.

She was wading through the backswell which surged in angry ripples between the bar and the beach when a tall figure loomed out of the spray. The figure did not advance to meet Joan, but stood as though waiting for her to join him at the edge of the beach, his right arm upraised.

"Donald!" Joan cried, and plunged on recklessly, not caring how deeply her feet sank in the treacherous sand, her body suddenly buoyant with an eagerness she could not conceal. But it was not her husband who stood waiting for her at the edge of the rising tide. The man was heavily bearded and hollow-eyed, and a soaring fire of driftwood blazed at his back, bringing the harsh cruelty of his features into sharp relief.

In his right arm the stranger held a coil of rope, and as Joan turned in wild terror, he flung a long curving strand straight at her, his laughter ringing out in brutal exultation above the roar of the sea. The rope whipped around Joan's waist and tightened in swift, relentless coils. She struggled desperately, but felt herself being dragged forward, her feet slipping out from under her, her breath coming in choking gasps. And e-

ven as the tall figure drew her toward the beach, the flesh of his face seemed to wither and fall away, until Joan found herself looking for one awful instant into the eyes of a grinning skull!

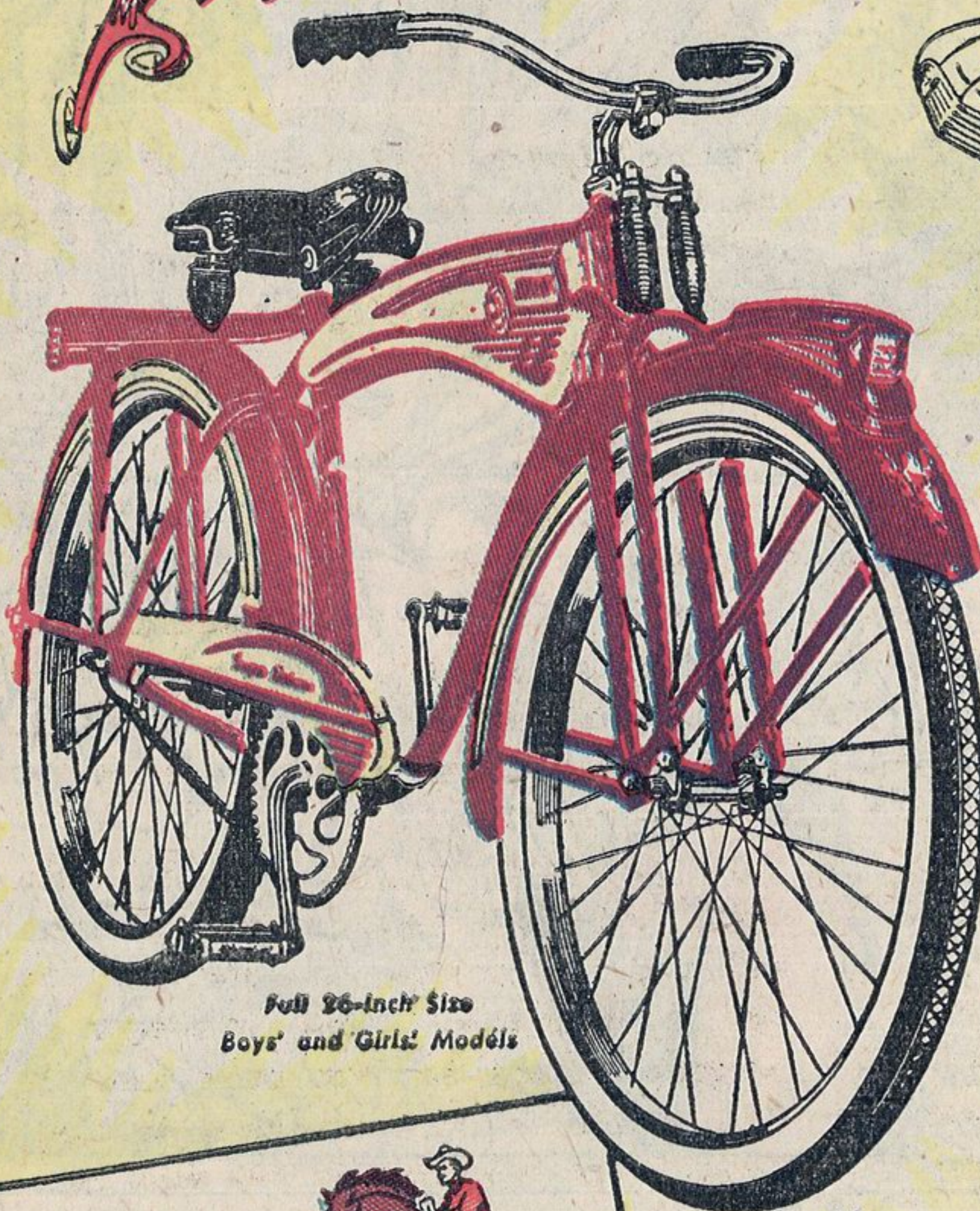
Then Joan heard another voice screaming in the night. "It's the Devil-doomed Sandman! Fight it...or you'll be destroyed!" She saw her husband then, standing on the tip of the breakwater, a wild entreaty in his stare. Pulling back, she straightened as she faced the ghastly apparition.

"I know you for what you are!" she cried, her voice rising in sudden, sharp defiance. "Your rope is sand and you are a wrecker of ships, a stealer of cargoes! Long ago you built fires on this beach to lure mariners to their doom! For your crimes you were condemned to be chained to the bar...condemned to coil a cable of sand everlastingly! *A cable that can never hold!*"

There was a sudden, furious swirling at Joan's waist. Looking down, she saw a weaving spiral of sand slipping downward from her waist into the shining black tide. When the sand rope struck the water, it vanished with a hiss. A shriek of baffled rage came from the gaunt apparition before the fire. The next instant the fire flamed redly, dwindled and was gone, carrying the figure with it.

A moment later Joan had crossed the bar to the breakwater and was clinging to her husband and sobbing as he gently stroked her sea-drenched hair.

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DEEP IN THE LONELY NORTH WOODS...WHERE THE SHAGGY TREES TOWER IN THE HUSHED HALF LIGHT, AND THE SILENCE IS BROKEN ONLY BY THE REEDY PIPING OF A HIDDEN BIRD...IT IS EASY TO BELIEVE IN A LURKING PRESENCE! SOME PEOPLE HEAR ITS QUICK FOOTSTEPS RUSTLING THE DEAD LEAVES...OTHERS MAY CATCH A FLEETING GLIMPSE OF A GRIZZLED FACE PEERING FROM THE UNDERBRUSH...AND THEN ONLY THE GRACE OF THE UNKNOWN CAN SAVE THEM FROM THE FIEND IN FUR!

AT A SUMMER LODGE A HUNDRED MILES FROM THE NEAREST RAIL CENTER...

WHY **SHOULDN'T** I WALK IN THE WOODS ALONE, FRANK? JUST BECAUSE **YOU** HAPPEN TO BE A GUIDE--DON'T YOU THINK ANYONE ELSE HAS A SENSE OF DIRECTION?

IT ISN'T THAT, MISS HALL! YOU THINK IT'S PEACEFUL OUT THERE...BUT I'VE LIVED IN THE TIMBERLAND ALL MY LIFE...AND I **KNOW DIFFERENTLY!**

TAKE MY WORD FOR IT...THERE'S SOMETHING IN THOSE WOODS YOU WOULDN'T EVEN LIKE TO **HEAR ABOUT**--UNLESS YOU WERE AMONG A CHEERFUL GROUP GATHERED AROUND A **BLAZING FIRE!**

ALL RIGHT, FRANK...YOU CAN TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT **TONIGHT!** RIGHT NOW...I WANT TO AMBLE AMONG THOSE PINES...**ALONE!**



ALONE...IT WAS SEVERAL HOURS BEFORE PHYLLIS HALL REMEMBERED THE WORD...AND HARDLY REALIZING IT...BEGAN TO WONDER!

IT'S AN ATMOSPHERE I CAN'T DESCRIBE---BOTH QUIET AND MELANCHOLY---AND YET THERE'S SOMETHING **MORE** THAN THAT!



FRANK MENTIONED THAT THE INDIANS DON'T LIKE THE FOREST...AND ENTER IT ONLY ON RARE OCCASIONS! JUST THE SAME, I'VE GOT A FEELING THAT **SOMETHING'S** PADDING SILENTLY OVER THE PINE NEEDLES...ALWAYS MANAGING TO KEEP OUT OF SIGHT...**BUT FOLLOWING ME!**



HEAVENS...IT'S MUCH LATER THAN I THOUGHT! IT'LL BE DUSK WITHIN A FEW MINUTES...**I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIND MY WAY BACK TO THE LODGE!**



SLOWLY---THE SHADOWS OF THE HULKING TREES ARE BLURRED BY THE SETTLING GLOOM!

I'VE GOT TO FORGET THAT NONSENSE OF FRANK'S---THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF JUST BECAUSE I'M BY MYSELF...**MILES FROM THE NEAREST PERSON!**



THEN---AS A BARELY- FELT BREEZE WHISPERS THROUGH THE UNDERBUSH---



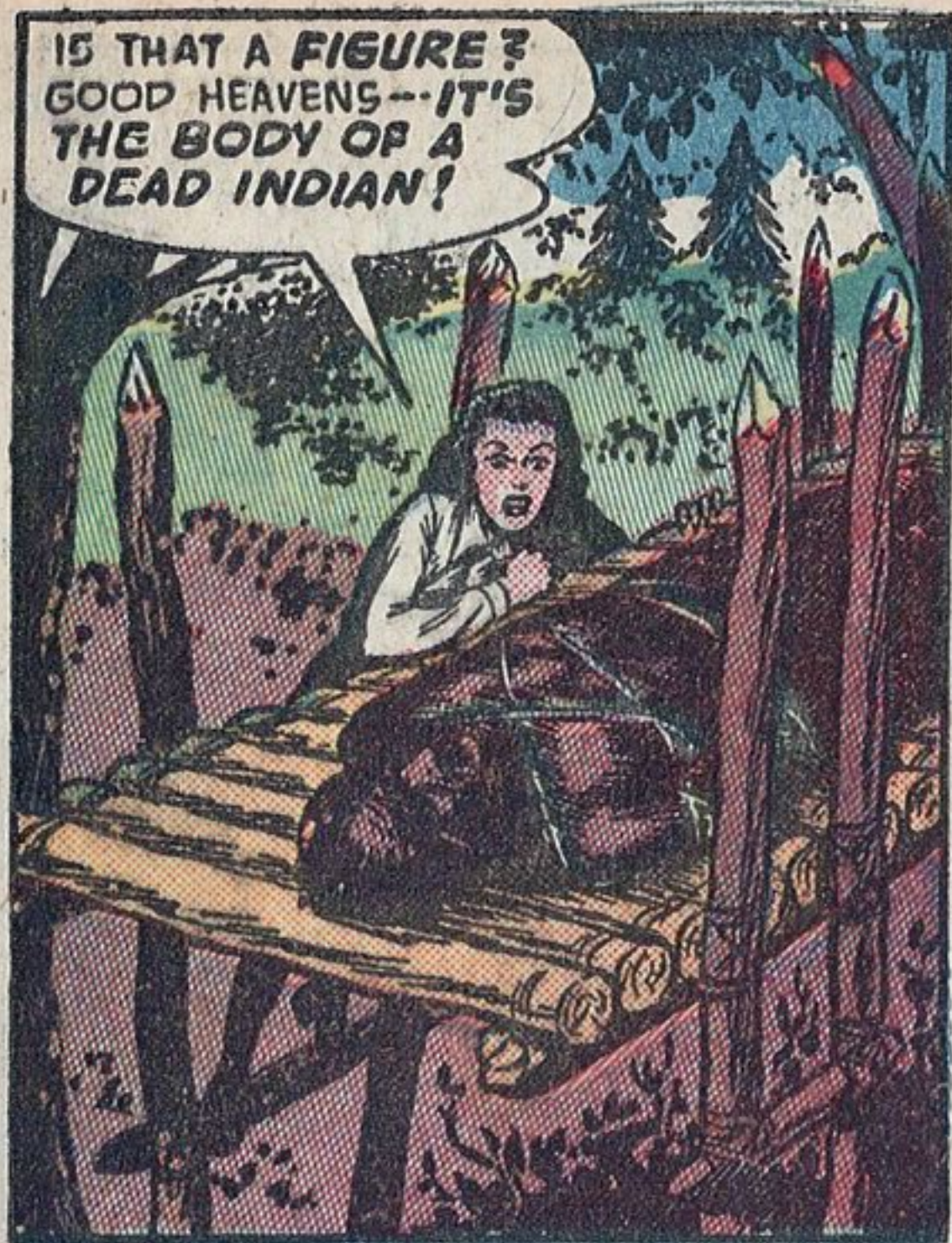
THERE IT IS...THE PRESENCE I FELT---**STALKING CLOSER NOW THAT DARKNESS HAS FALLEN!**



MINUTES LATER---

THIS WILL BE EASIER TO CLIMB THAN A TREE---I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME WAY TO HIDE FROM THAT THING!





IS THAT A **FIGURE**?
GOOD HEAVENS---IT'S
THE BODY OF A
DEAD INDIAN!



THAT EXPLAINS WHY THE
INDIANS DREAD THE WOODS
--- THEY COME HERE
ONLY TO PLACE THEIR
DEAD ON BURIAL
PLATFORMS!



THEN PHYLLIS IS AWARE OF SOMETHING
THAT BRISTLES THROUGH HER NERVES LIKE
A COLD SHOCK---AND AS SHE WHIRLS---



YAANGH!

OHH!



THAT'S THE CREATURE FRANK
TRIED TO WARN ME ABOUT---A
FIEND IN FUR---PREYING
ON THE DEAD!

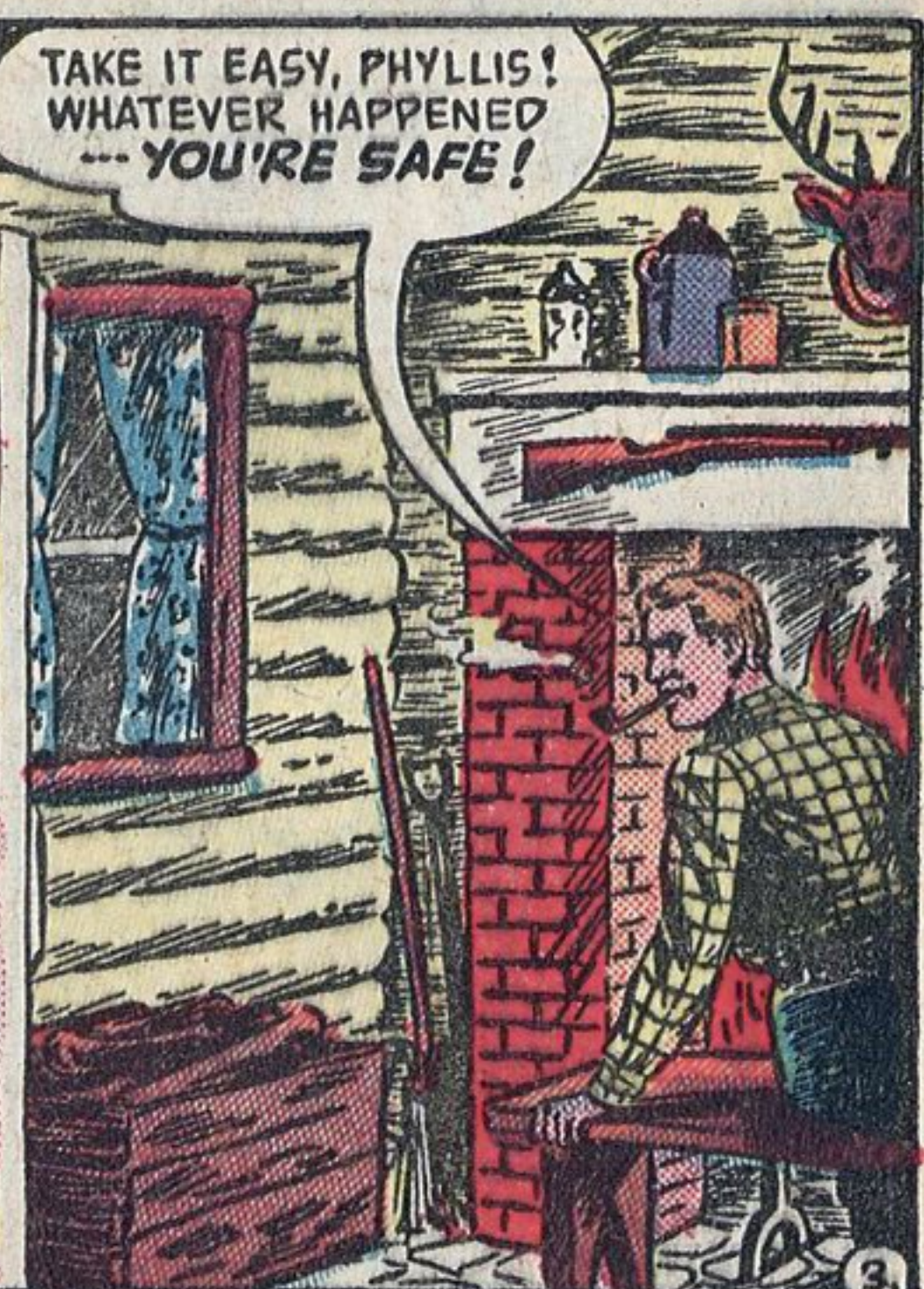


FINALLY---

GOODNESS KNOWS WHAT
I'LL FIND IN **THERE**---
BUT **NOTHING** COULD
BE AS HORRIBLE AS
THAT MONSTROUS
SHAGGY THING!



FRANK!
OH---THANK
HEAVEN!



TAKE IT EASY, PHYLLIS!
WHATEVER HAPPENED
---YOU'RE SAFE!

NOT FROM **THAT** THING FRANK... I'LL **NEVER** BE SAFE FROM WHAT I SAW IN THE WOODS! IT WASN'T A MAN... IT WASN'T A WOLF... IT WAS A **HIDEOUS MIXTURE OF BOTH!**

GREAT GUNS! IT'S A GOOD THING I SET OUT FROM THE LODGE **TONIGHT**... THINKING I'D START SEARCHING FOR YOU AT DAWN!

YOU KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THAT CREATURE, FRANK! YOU DIDN'T WANT TO FRIGHTEN ME THIS AFTERNOON... **BUT NOW YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME WHAT IT IS!**

ALL I'VE KNOWN ABOUT THE FIEND **UNTIL NOW** IS AN OLD INDIAN LEGEND, HONEY!

YOU MAY HAVE HEARD THAT THE INDIANS BIND THEIR DEAD TO PLATFORMS IN THE WOODS... BELIEVING THAT THE RAWHIDE THONGS WILL KEEP THEIR SPIRITS FROM ROAMING! WELL... THE FIEND IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE SPIRIT OF AN EVIL MEDICINE MAN... **WHO DIED CENTURIES AGO!** ACCORDING TO THE STORY... SOON AFTER THE MEDICINE MAN DIED, A FOREST FIRE RAGED THROUGH THIS AREA... **DESTROYING THE BURIAL PLATFORM AND RELEASING HIS SPIRIT!**

MAYBE ITS TERRIBLE APPEARANCE IS DUE TO THE FACT THAT **HUNDREDS OF WOLVES** PERISHED IN THE FIRE... BUT ANYWAY, IT HAS A LAIR SOMEWHERE DEEP IN THE WOODS... **A SPOT NO ONE HAS EVER DARED TRY TO FIND!**

THEN... LIKE AN ERUPTION OF TERROR...

CRASH!

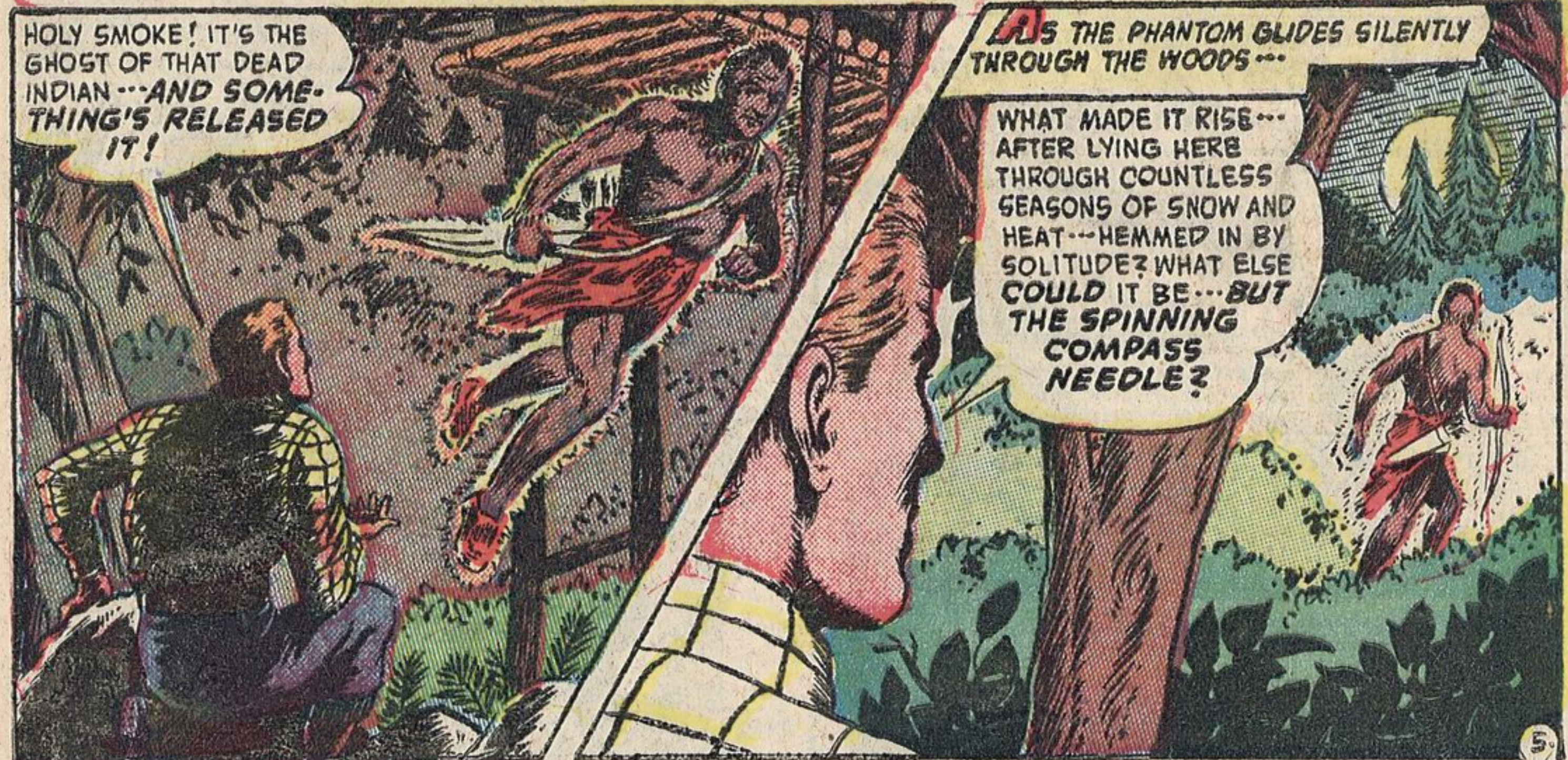
FRANK... IT'S HERE!

GET OUT, PHYLLIS... HIDE IN THE BUSHES... ANYWHERE!

YAANGH!

THEN... WITH PHYLLIS PARALYZED BY TERROR...

WAM!



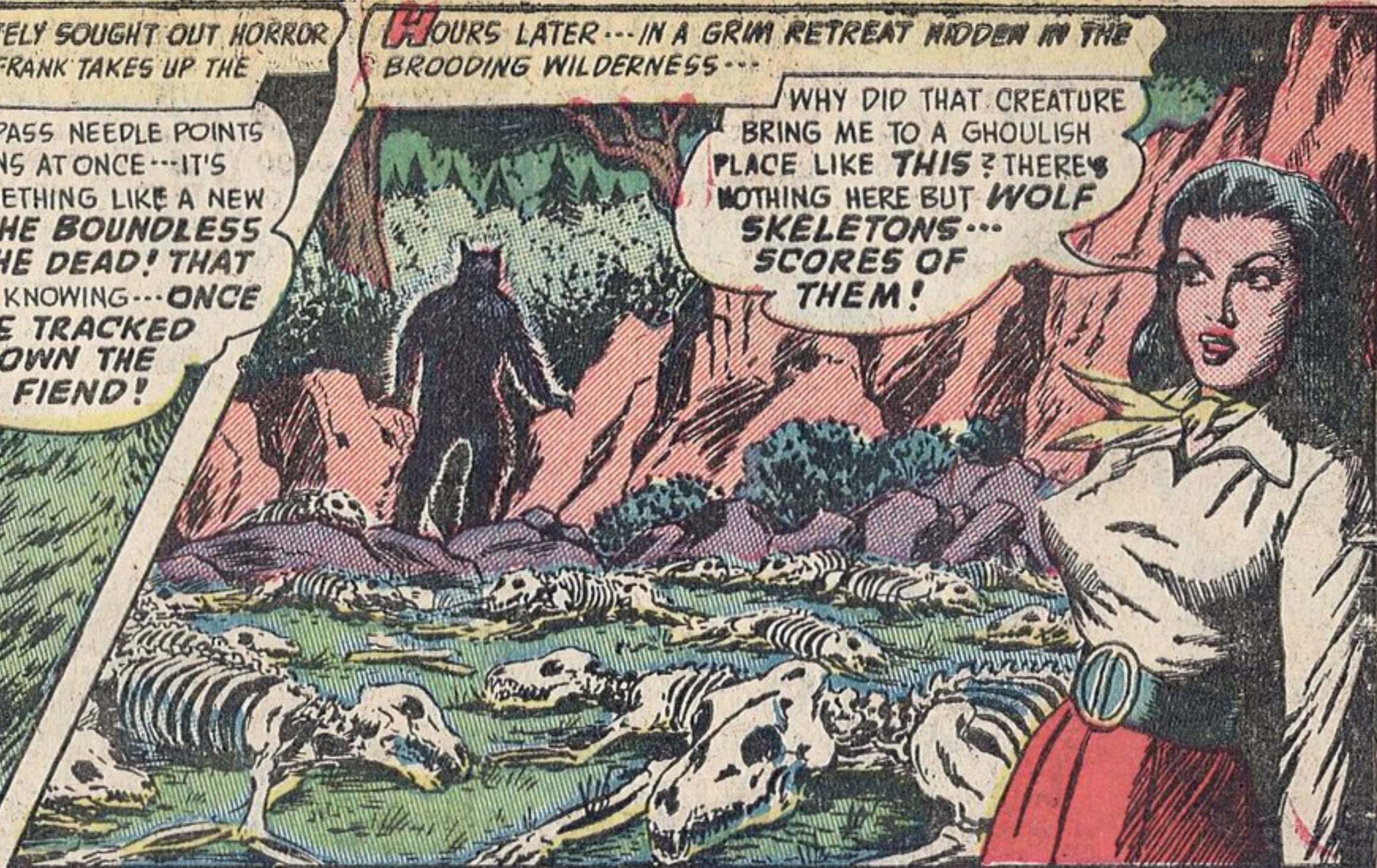
FEW MEN HAVE DELIBERATELY SOUGHT OUT HORROR LIKE THIS... BUT AGAIN... FRANK TAKES UP THE SEARCH!

YEP, WHEN A COMPASS NEEDLE POINTS TO ALL DIRECTIONS AT ONCE... IT'S INDICATING SOMETHING LIKE A NEW DIMENSION... **THE BOUNDLESS WORLD OF THE DEAD!** THAT MAY BE WORTH KNOWING... **ONCE I'VE TRACKED DOWN THE FIEND!**



HOURS LATER... IN A GRIM RETREAT HIDDEN IN THE BROODING WILDERNESS...

WHY DID THAT CREATURE BRING ME TO A GHOULISH PLACE LIKE THIS? THERE'S NOTHING HERE BUT **WOLF SKELETONS...** SCORES OF THEM!



AS THE FIRST MURKY LIGHT OF DAWN HOVERS OVER THE FOG-SHROUDED TREES...

NOW I KNOW WHY IT HAS BEEN STARING TOWARD THE EAST... **WAITING FOR THE FIRST SIGN OF SUNRISE!** WHEN A WEREWOLF ATTACKS THEN... **IT CAN CLAIM THE SPIRIT OF ITS VICTIM!**



THEN, PANTING CLOSER... ITS UNHOLY FANGS GLISTENING IN THE SICKLY DAWN...

HUUH...
HUUH...

THAT THING KNOWS I CAN'T ESCAPE! I'M CAUGHT... **IT'S GOING TO GET ME!**



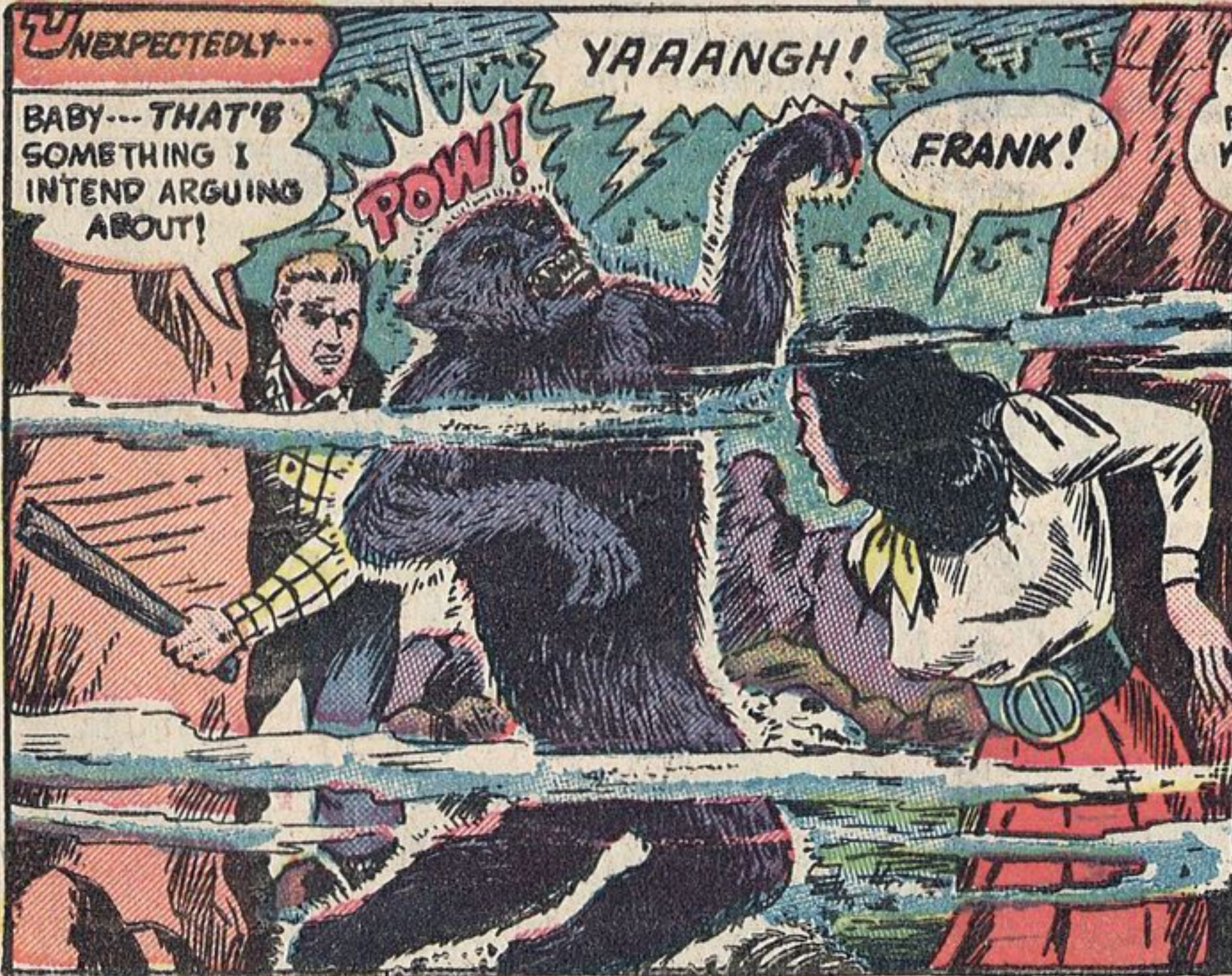
UNEXPECTEDLY...

BABY... THAT'S SOMETHING I INTEND ARGUING ABOUT!

YAAANGH!

FRANK!

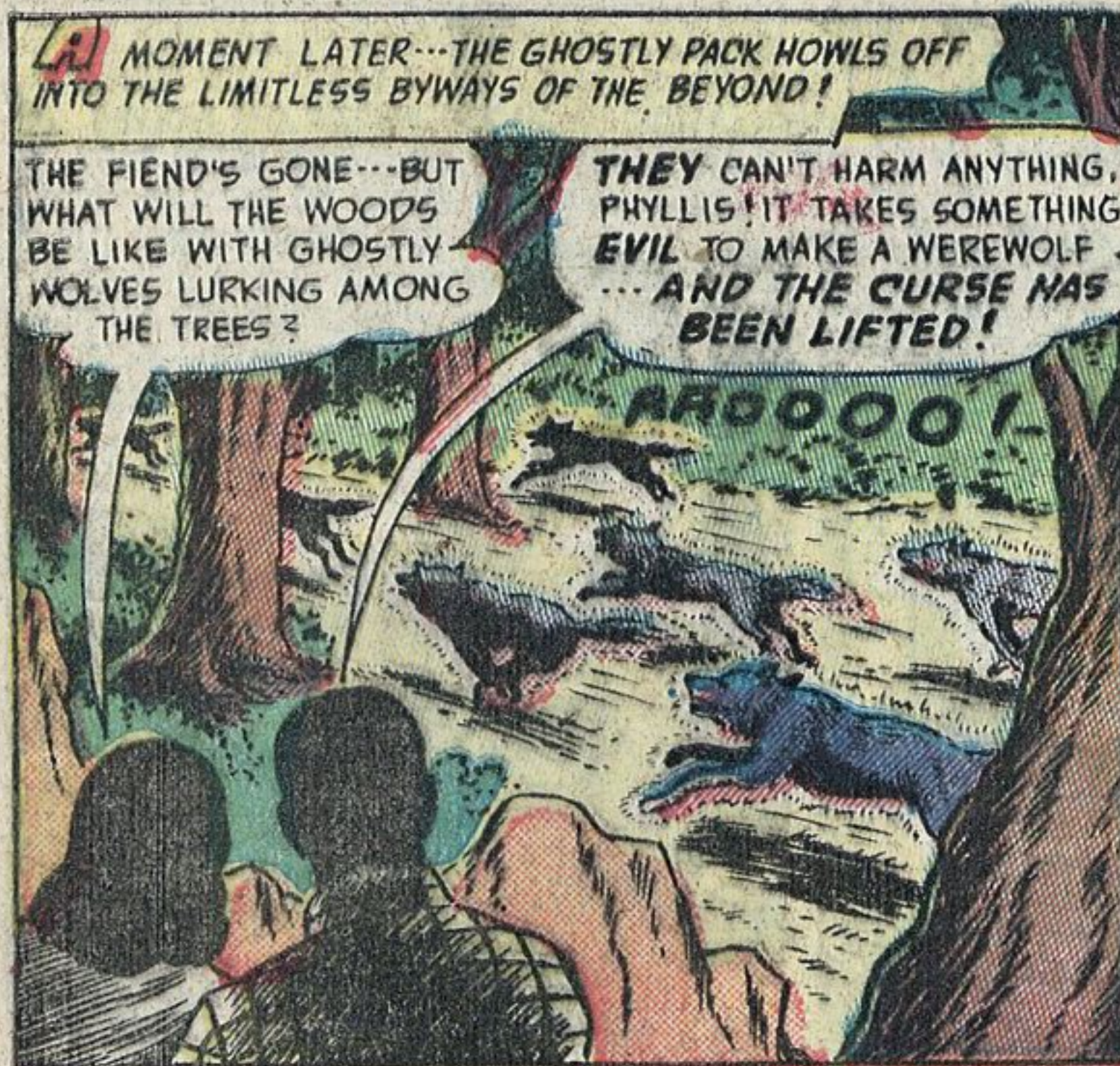
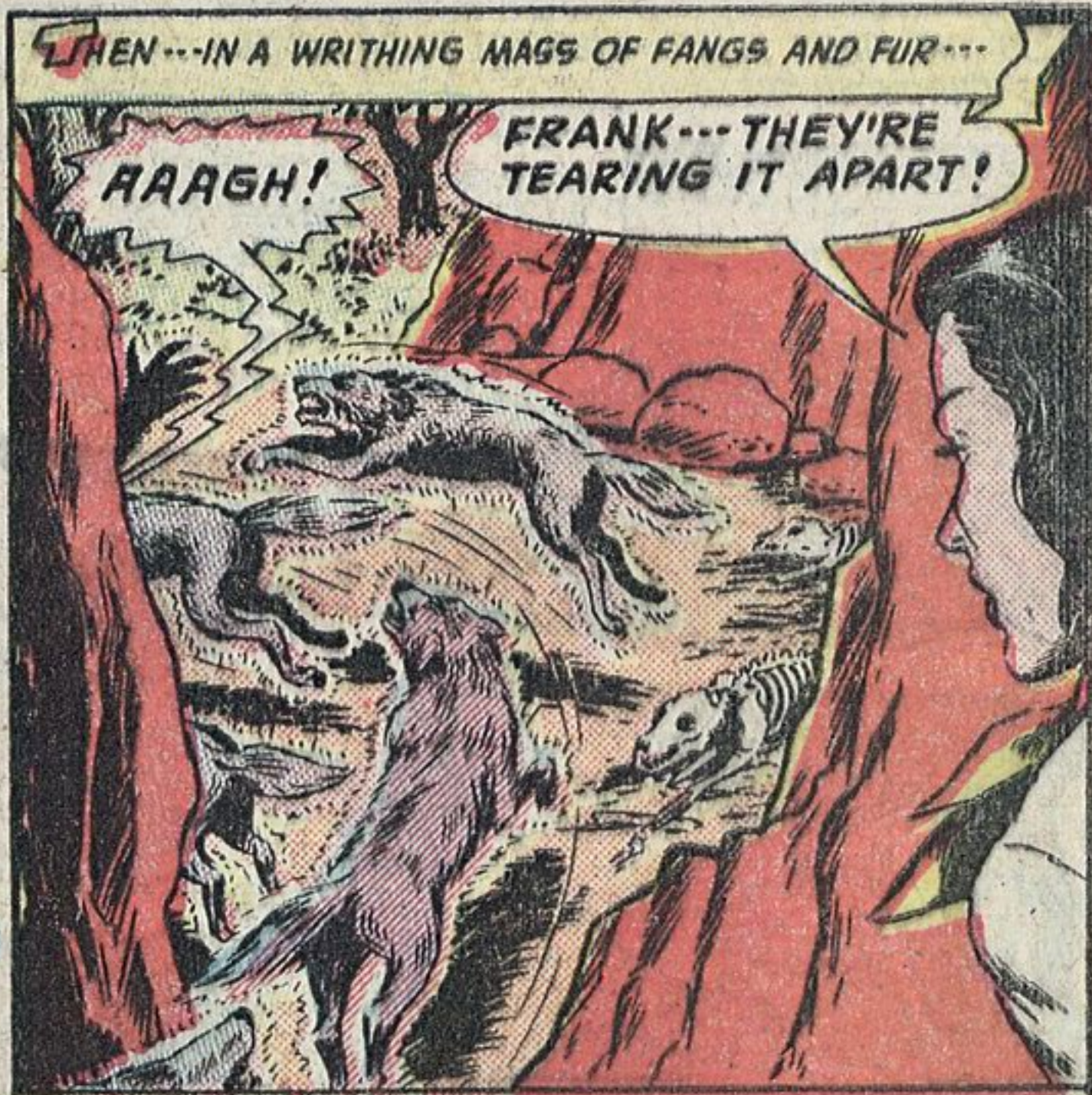
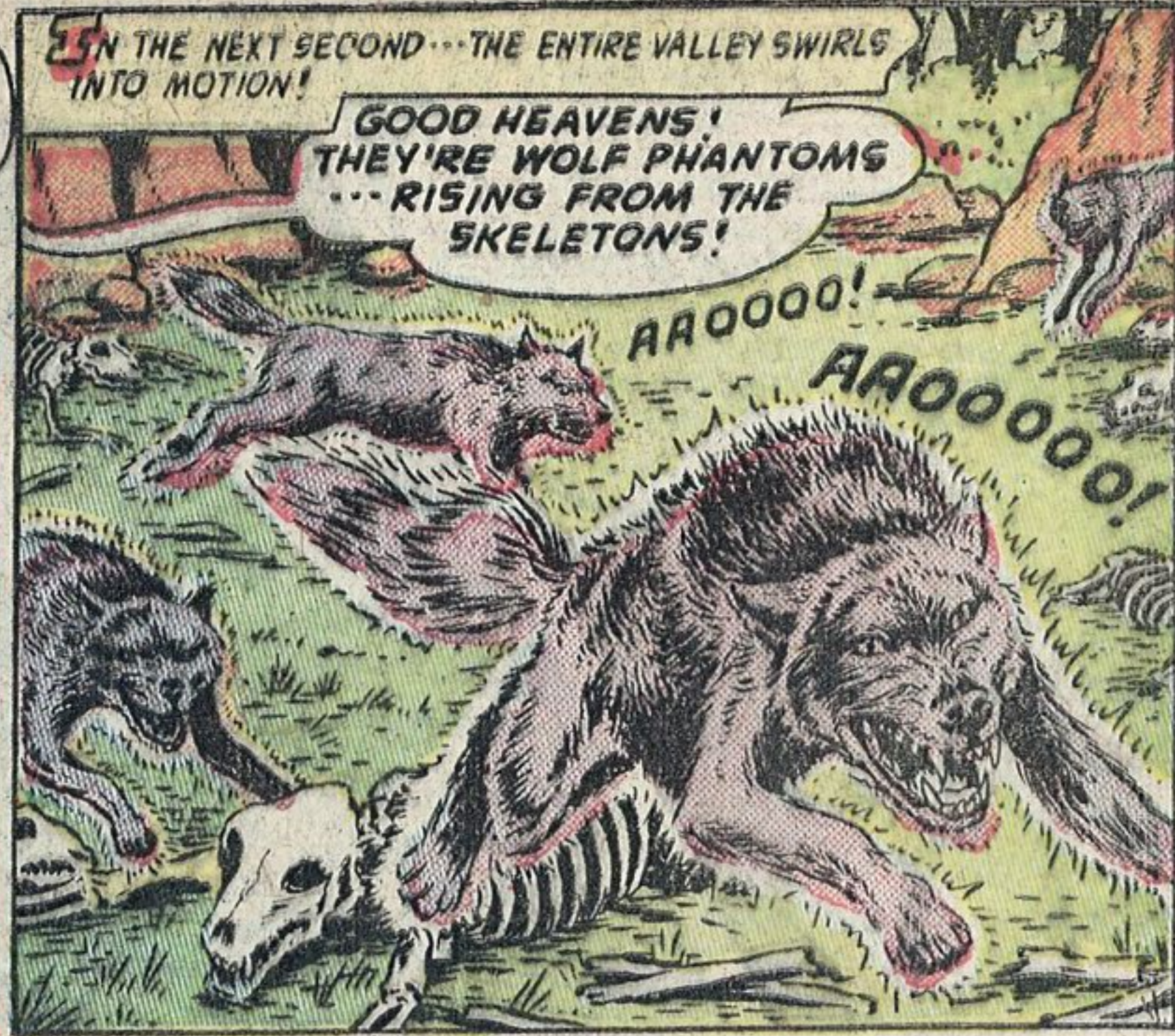
POW!



YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME HERE, FRANK! HOW WILL WE EVER MANAGE TO GET AWAY?

THIS VALLEY WAS ONCE A LAKE... AND HERE'S WHERE THE WOLVES DROWNED WHEN THEY TRIED TO ESCAPE FROM THE FOREST FIRE! THE MEDICINE MAN'S EVIL SOUL TOOK POSSESSION OF THE WOLVES' SPIRITS... **BUT I'VE FOUND A WAY TO FREE THEM... AND DOOM THE FIEND!**





True Ghosts of History

The Spectral Sleepwalker

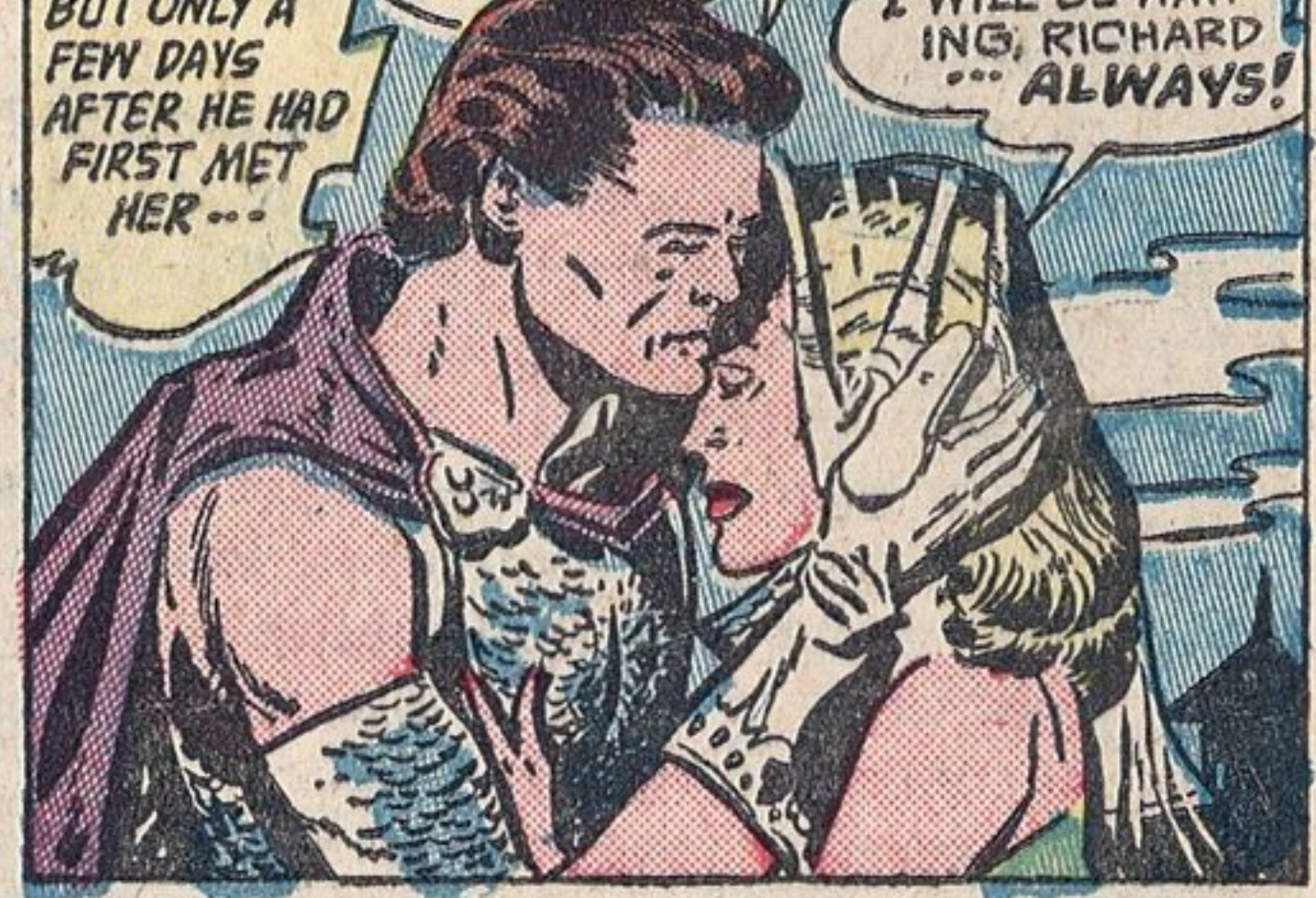
IT WAS IN 1177 THAT YOUNG RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED, THEN TRAVELING IN HIS DUCHY OF AQUITAIN, FRANCE, FIRST SET EYES ON THE LOVELY FRENCH GIRL KNOWN AS JEANNE LA BLAZON---



SHE'S THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL I'VE EVER SEEN---I WILL MAKE HER MY QUEEN!

PRINCE RICHARD BEGAN TO COURT JEANNE--- BUT ONLY A FEW DAYS AFTER HE HAD FIRST MET HER---

I MUST LEAVE YOU, MY LOVE---TO DO BATTLE WITH KING HENRY OF ENGLAND FOR THE CROWN THAT IS RIGHTLY MINE! BUT I SHALL RETURN FOR YOU---WHEN I AM KING!

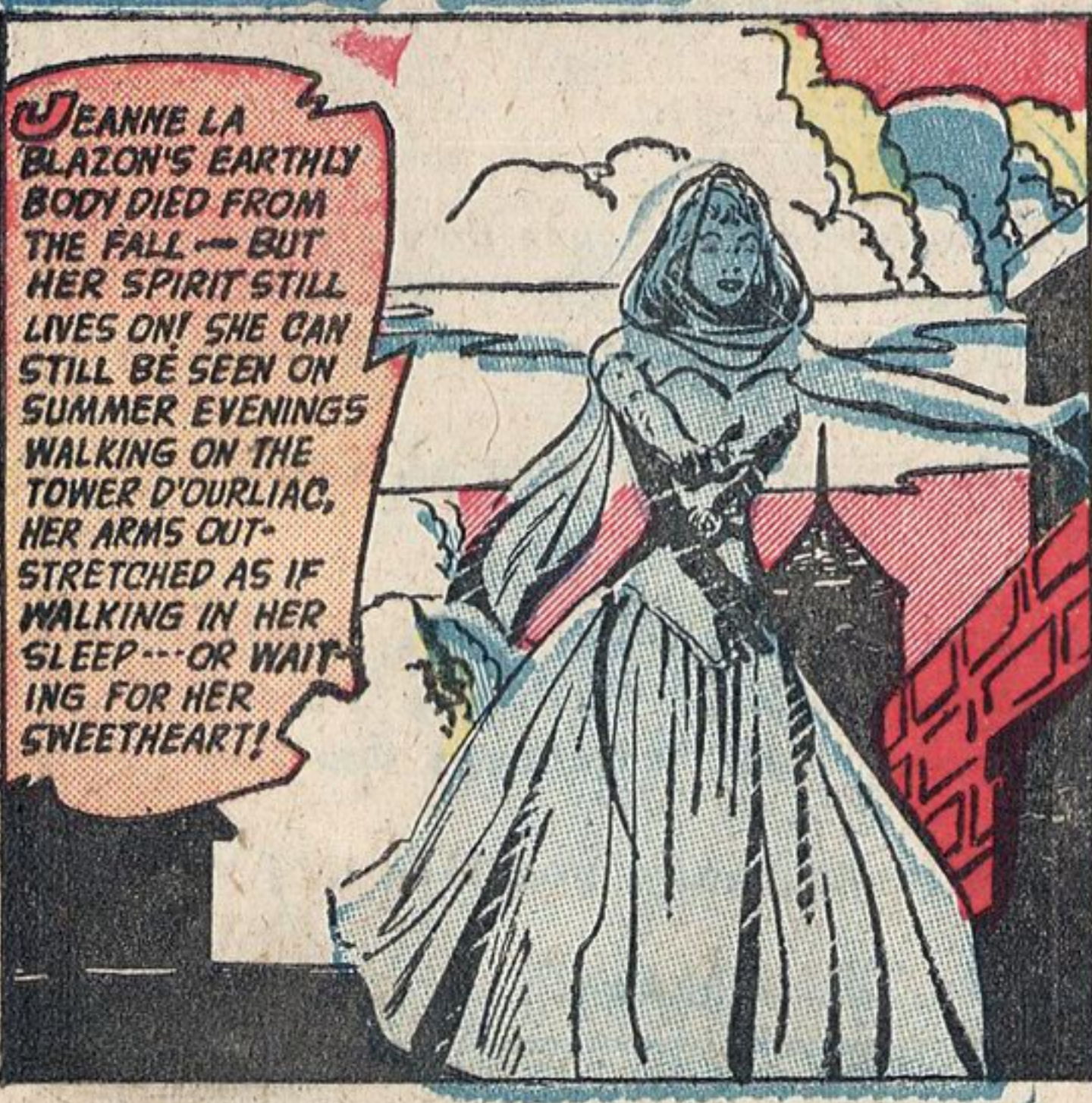
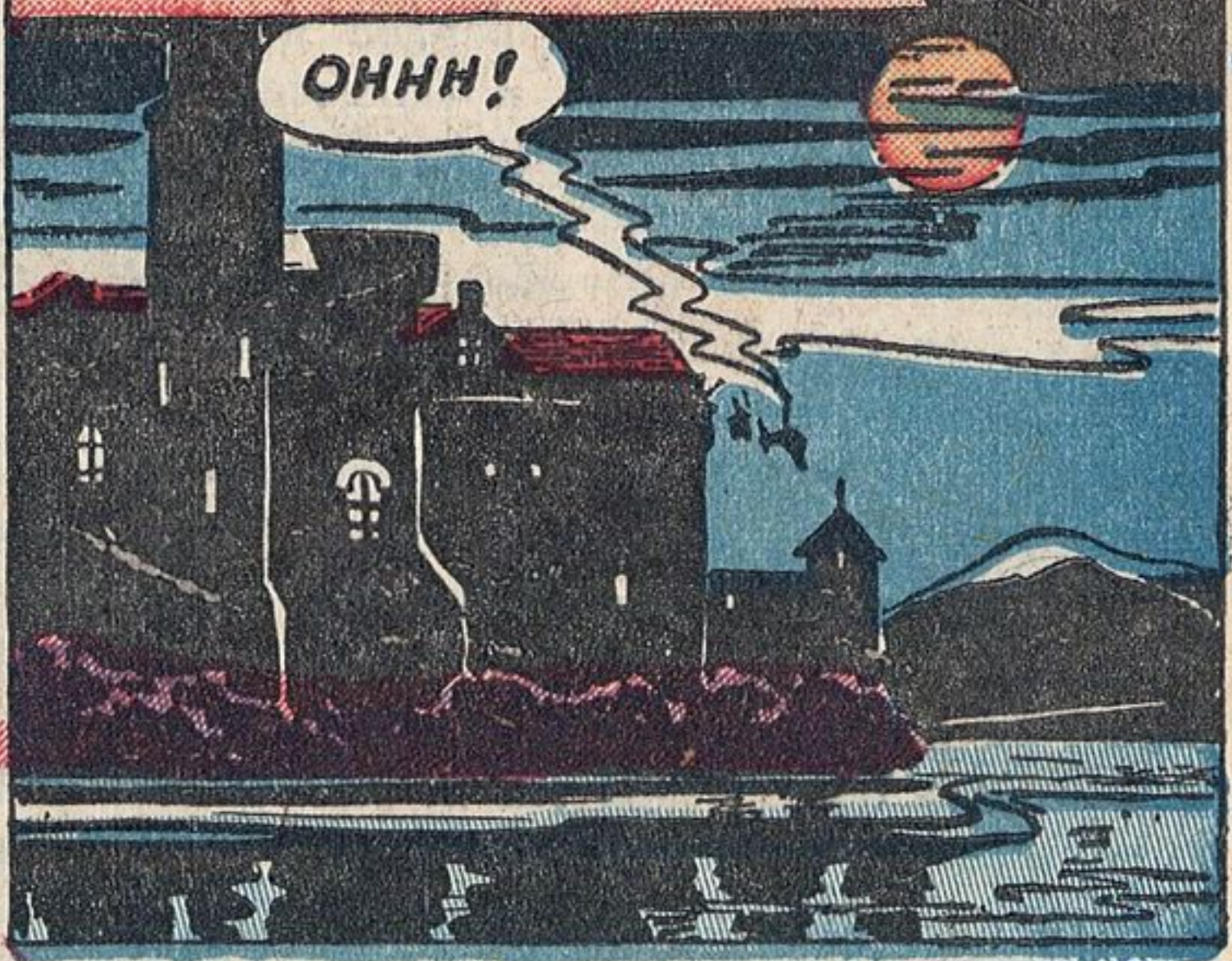


I WILL BE WAITING, RICHARD--- ALWAYS!

DAY IN AND DAY OUT, THE LOVELORN JEANNE WALKED THE TOWER D'OURLIAC OUTSIDE THE TOWN OF CARCASSONNE, WAITING FOR WORD FROM HER SWEETHEART---BUT ONE EVENING, A TREACHEROUS KNIGHT-AT-ARMS IN THE EMPLOY OF KING HENRY, CREPT UP BEHIND THE GIRL IN AN ATTEMPT TO KIDNAP HER AND HOLD HER AS HOSTAGE---

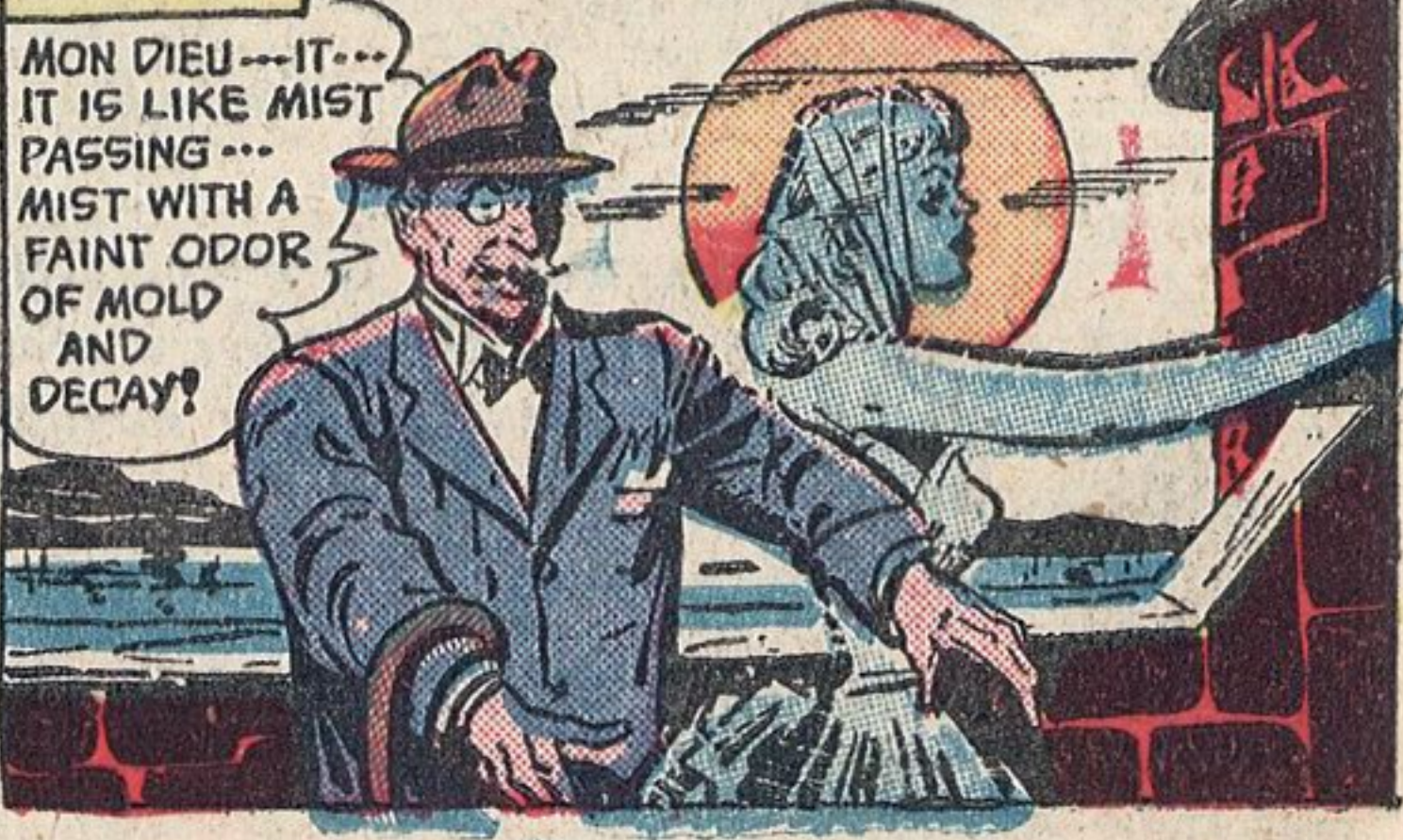


IN THE ENSUING DESPERATE STRUGGLE---



JEANNE LA BLAZON'S EARTHLY BODY DIED FROM THE FALL--- BUT HER SPIRIT STILL LIVES ON! SHE CAN STILL BE SEEN ON SUMMER EVENINGS WALKING ON THE TOWER D'OURLIAC, HER ARMS OUT-STRETCHED AS IF WALKING IN HER SLEEP---OR WAITING FOR HER SWEETHEART!

YES, JEANNE LA BLAZON HAD SAID SHE WOULD WAIT FOREVER---AND SHE STILL WAITS! BUT IF YOU SHOULD EVER VISIT CARCASSONNE AND TRY TO INTERRUPT HER NIGHTLY VIGIL, YOU'LL FIND THAT SHE WALKS RIGHT THROUGH YOU---AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MANY A PROFESSOR AND EXPLORER OF THE SUPERNATURAL WHO CAME TO EXAMINE THE SPECTRAL SLEEPWALKER!



From **YOUR EDITOR-** to **YOU!**

L P. / O. F. W.

An advertising slogan...a mystical incantation? No...just the initials of the fastest-growing club in the entire world...the organization known as 'Loyal Fans Of FORBIDDEN WORLDS'!

Yes, with each issue, tens of thousands of enthusiastic new members join the club that's singing the praises of 'Forbidden Worlds'...America's magnificent new magazine of the supernatural. And issue No. 4 is just for you! You, our loyal readers, have written countless letters telling us the kind of spooky, spine-chilling stories you want us to print...and this issue gives you just what you've asked for!

For example, many have requested a tale of fiendish voodoo witchcraft...and 'A Queen for the Voodoo Chief' is exactly that. Others have begged us for a blood-curdling story of a terrifying monster...and you're sure to get your fill of fear in 'Fiend in Fur'. Then, for those of you who gloat shiveringly over adventures into the forbidden realm of the liv-

ing dead, there's 'Whirlpool of Death'... while those who crave an eerie setting that's literally out-of-this-world will be more than delighted with 'The Doom of the Moonlings', surely the weirdest story of this or any year. And last but not least, there's 'House of Horror'...a ghoulish tale that was written by two members of L. F. / O. F. W. who dared to explore a forbidden world of their own!

But as exciting and suspenseful as this issue of 'Forbidden Worlds' is, we can promise that each succeeding issue will bring you even more spine-tingling chills, hair-raising thrills and shuddery gasps! So, until the next shocking issue comes around, why not form a FORBIDDEN WORLDS CLUB in your neighborhood? And don't forget to write and let us know what you want to see in future issues. Just address your letters to The Editor, Forbidden Worlds, 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Here's what some other members of L. F. / O. F. W. have written us recently:

"Dear Editor:-

Wow! What a magazine! It's the best of its kind! Congratulations! I especially enjoyed the story, 'Love of a Vampire'. It combined heart-warming love with flingermall-chewing suspense. And let's hear more of 'Marzo', the Demon of Destruction. It was such a terrifying tale. And the illustrations were, as you might put it, 'out of this world'! But are we readers going to have the same trouble with you as we did with 'Adventures Into The Unknown'? Why, oh, why can't you publish this magazine every month, too?

-Helene Weiss, Manasquan, N. J."

P. S.---I'm overjoyed! 32 whole pages! Keep up the good work!"

"Dear Editor:-

The stories in 'Forbidden Worlds' are fascinating...because they give me the creeps! My favorite ones are those that are true...like 'True Witches of History' and 'The Boy Who Talked With Spirits'. All I can say is that your stories are super!

-Josephine Elkes, Pacoima, Calif."

"Dear Editor:-

'Forbidden Worlds' is a spine-tingling magazine. It has thrills, chills, and all the things that accompany a really good magazine. 'Forbidden Worlds' is wonderful competition to your already great magazine, 'Adventures Into The Unknown'!

-Ken Jargowsky, Woodbine, N. J."

Don't YOU miss "Adventures Into The Unknown"?

WHIRLPOOL of DEATH



WHAT POWERS CAN BE RELEASED BY THE RAGING SEA--WHAT KIND OF EVIL STRONGHOLD LIES BEYOND THE FOG THAT SHROUDS THE BRISTLING WAVES? ONLY THOSE WHO HAVE PLUNGED DIZZILY TOWARD DEATH CAN KNOW THE ANSWER --WHEN SPECTRAL RIDERS LEAD THEM TO A WHIRLPOOL AT THE EDGE OF DARKNESS!

ONE NIGHT-- AS A HOWLING ATLANTIC STORM BATTERS THE NEW ENGLAND COAST--

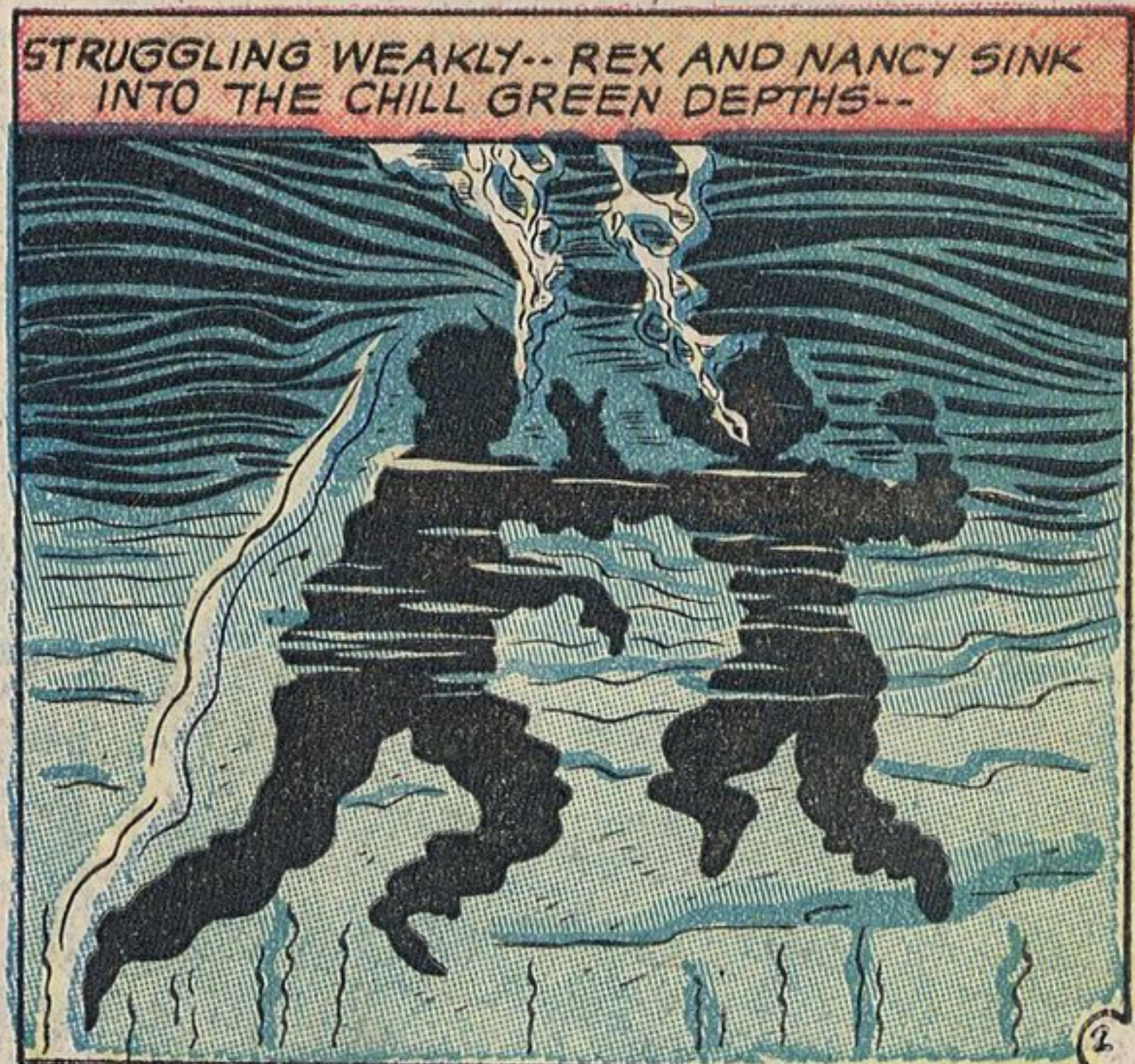
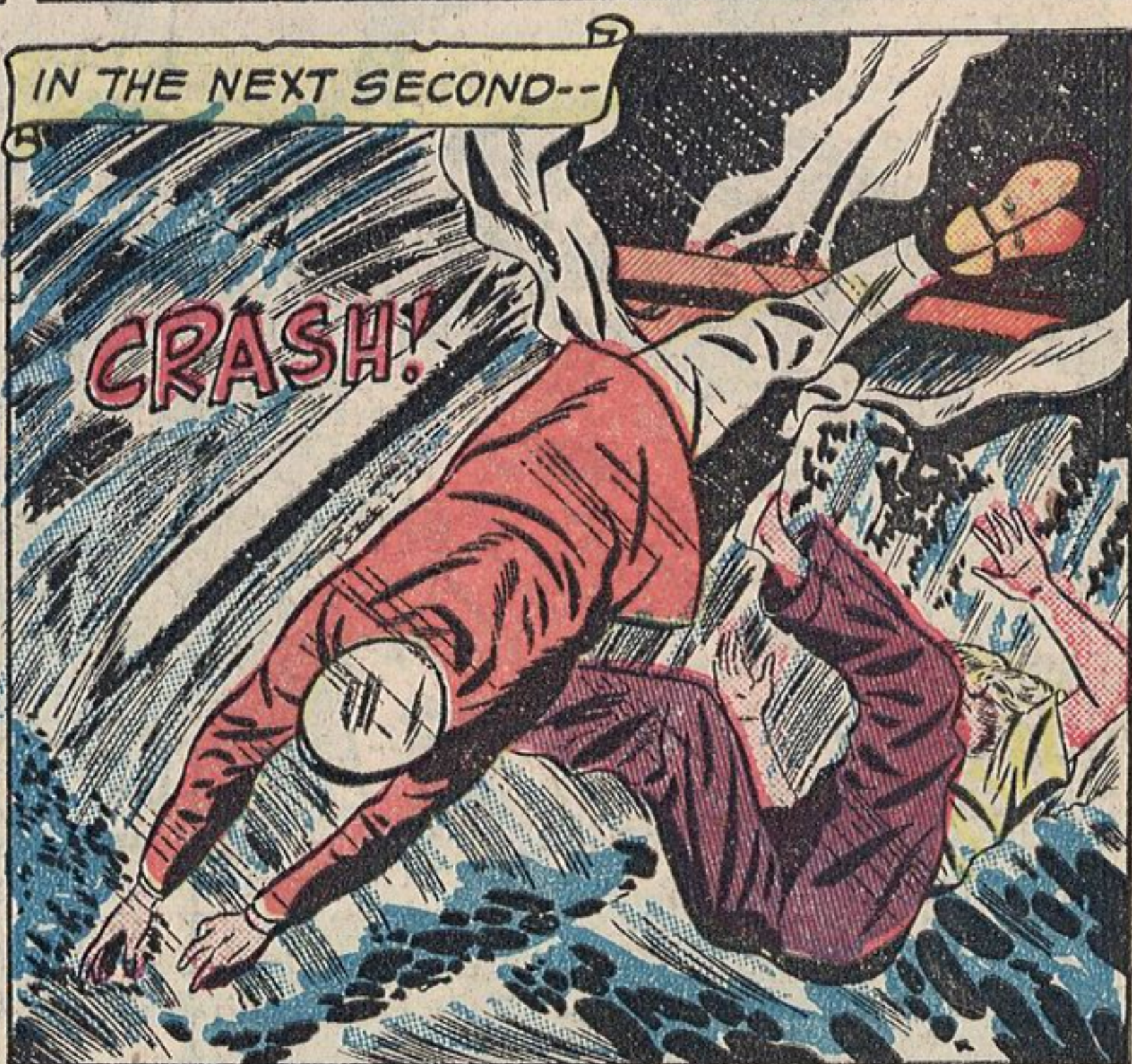
YE GODS-- THE SAIL! WE'LL NEVER MAKE SHORE, NANCY!



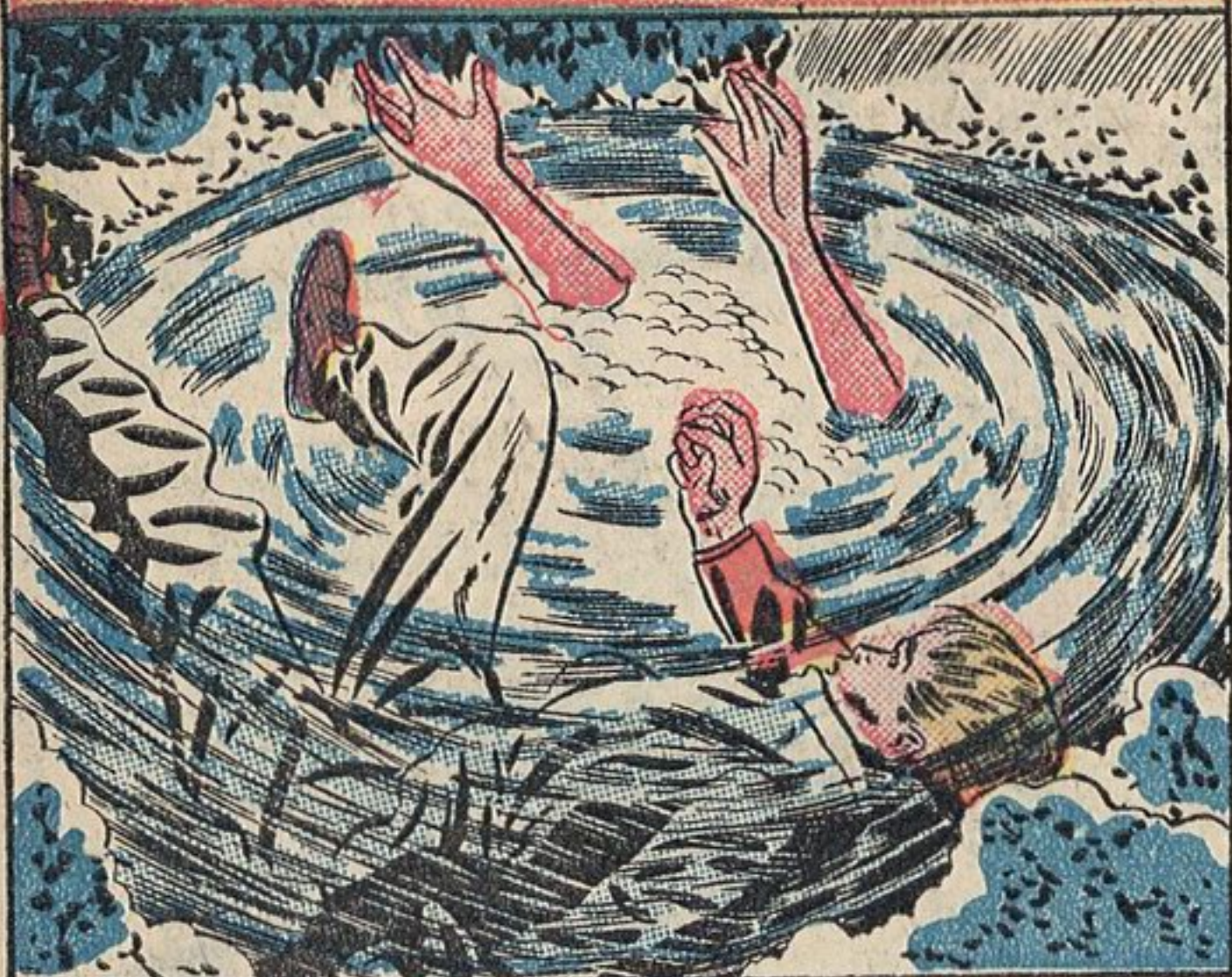
THIS IS NO ORDINARY STORM-- IT'S AS IF THE SEA AND WIND ARE MERGING INTO A FIENDISH THING THAT HUNGERS FOR OUR LIVES!

I NEVER HEARD YOU TALK LIKE THAT BEFORE, REX! NOW I KNOW THERE'S NO HOPE-- WE'RE GOING TO DROWN!





THEN, WITH THEIR LUNGS BURSTING IN A FINAL STRUGGLE -- THE DROWNING PAIR ARE SWEEPED INTO A HISSING VORTEX -- A CLAMMY WHIRLPOOL MIDWAY BETWEEN SEA AND AIR!



SECONDS OR CENTURIES MAY HAVE PASSED -- BEFORE THE EDDYING CLUTCH OF THE SEA GAVE WAY TO AN ENDLESS HAZE --

THE MIST IS ALL AROUND US, REX! I'VE NEVER FELT LIKE THIS BEFORE -- DID WE DROWN?

WE COULDN'T HAVE! LOOK -- THERE'S A SHIP COMING!



AS THE FOG-SHROUDED HULK DRIFTS CLOSER --

LOOKS LIKE A DERELICT -- BUT IT CERTAINLY IS A LIFESAVER TO US!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK! IT SEEMS TO BE SUCH A STRANGE SHIP -- AND WHAT ABOUT THOSE HIDEOUS RIDERS WE SAW IN THE SKY?

I READ ABOUT THEM ONCE -- THE WILD HUNTSMEN! IT DOESN'T EXPLAIN WHY WE SAW THEM, THOUGH -- BECAUSE ACCORDING TO AN ANCIENT VIKING LEGEND -- THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO ESCORT THE DEAD!

SLOWLY, THE NIGHT SKY SCUDS BEFORE THE STORM -- AND IN THE GREY, UNWORLDLY PALL --

REX -- DID YOU SAY VIKING?

GOOD LORD -- IT'S A VIKING DRAGON SHIP -- THE TYPE USED A THOUSAND YEARS AGO!

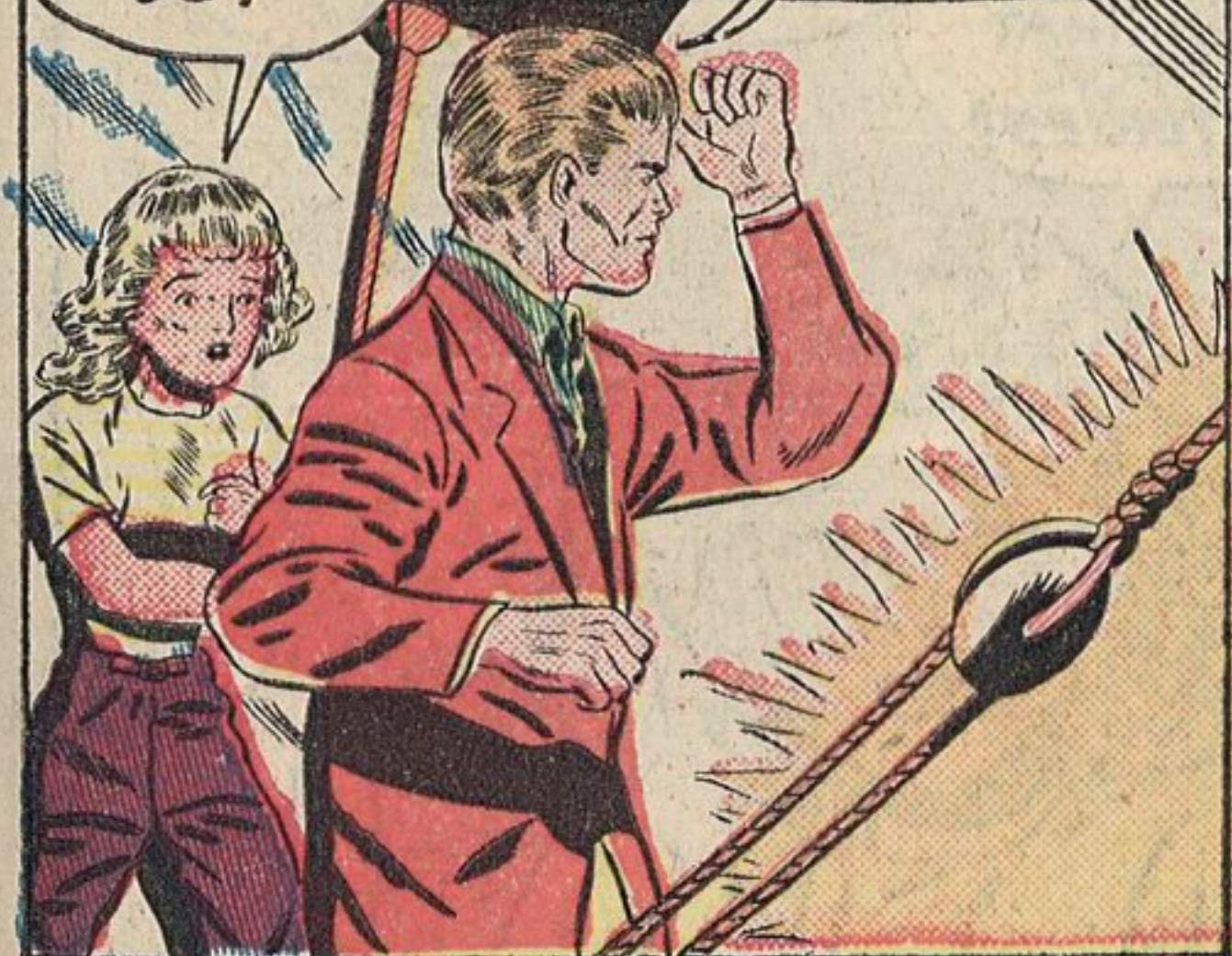


THEN WE CAN STOP GUESSING, REX! IF IT'S A SHIP OF THE DEAD -- IT CAME FOR US!

BUT SUPPOSE IT'S CARRYING SOMETHING ELSE? THERE'S WHAT I MEAN -- THAT GLOW AMIDSHIPS!

GREAT GUNS -- IT'S THE BODY OF A VIKING WARRIOR!

ANCIENT WARRIOR -- ANCIENT SHIP -- GOOD HEAVENS -- HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN DEAD?



AGAIN, TIME ITSELF SEEMS DEAD ON THAT LIFELESS SEA-- AS THE WEIRD VESSEL GLIDES NOISELESSLY THROUGH THE MURKY NOWHERE--

REX-- I'M AFRAID! IT'S NEITHER LIGHT NOR DARK-- IT'S THE KIND OF WORLD THE LIVING NEVER KNEW!

WE'RE CERTAIN TO LEARN THE ANSWER SOONER OR LATER-- BECAUSE EVEN WITH NO ONE AT THE RUDDER-- THE SHIP'S MOVING ON A SET COURSE!



SUDDENLY, LOOMING FROM THE PEARLY EMPTINESS--

WE'RE NEARING LAND, NANCY-- SEE IT?

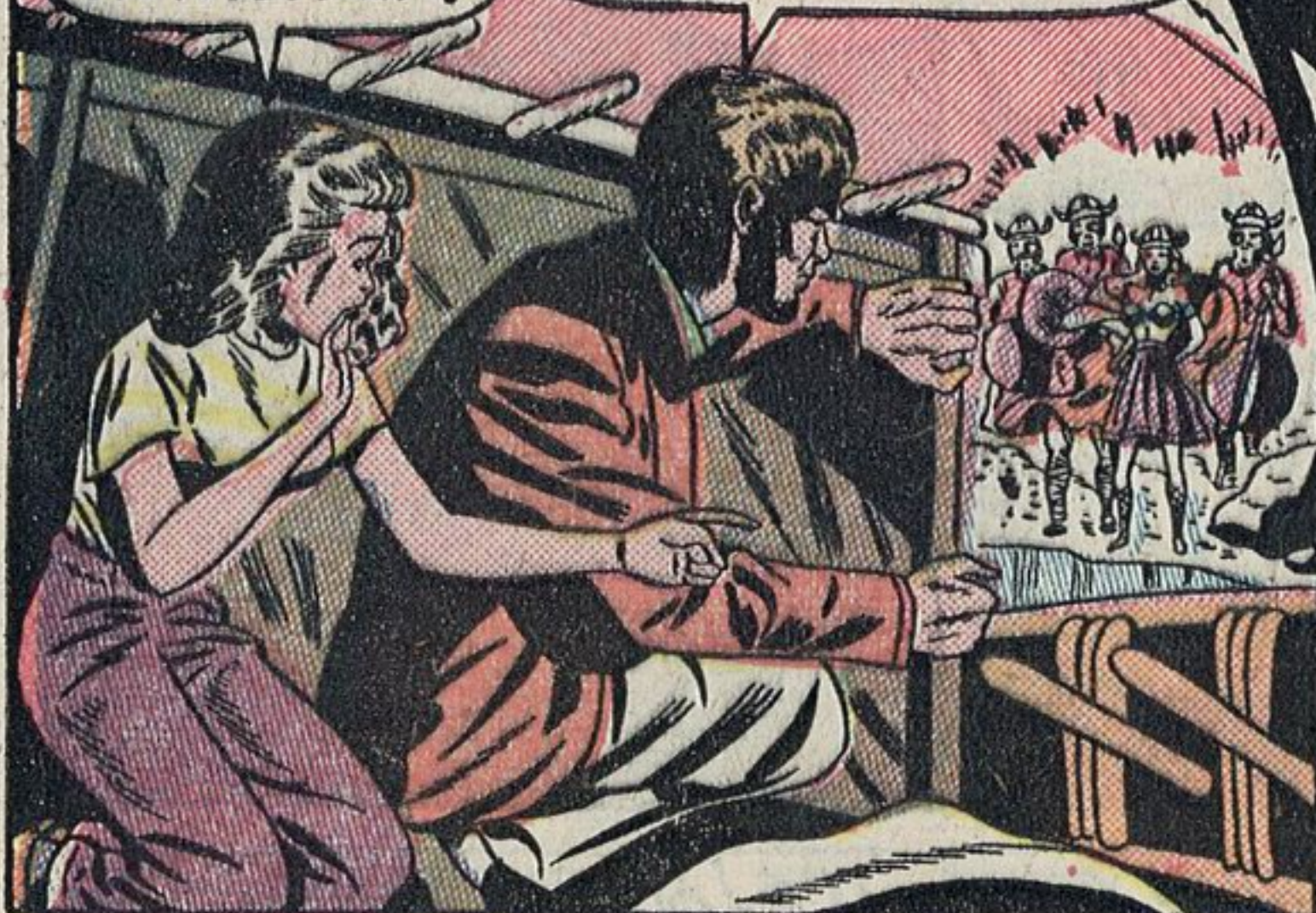
THE MIST SEEMS TO BE BRIGHTENING-- JUST LIKE SUNLIGHT COMING THROUGH STAINED GLASS! THERE'S STILL SOMETHING AWFULLY WEIRD ABOUT THIS, REX!



AS THE VESSEL HEADS SHOREWARD--

HEAVENS, REX-- THEY'RE THE WILD HUNSMEN!

I DON'T KNOW WHO THE GIRL IS-- BUT WE'D BETTER KEEP OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL WE FIND OUT!

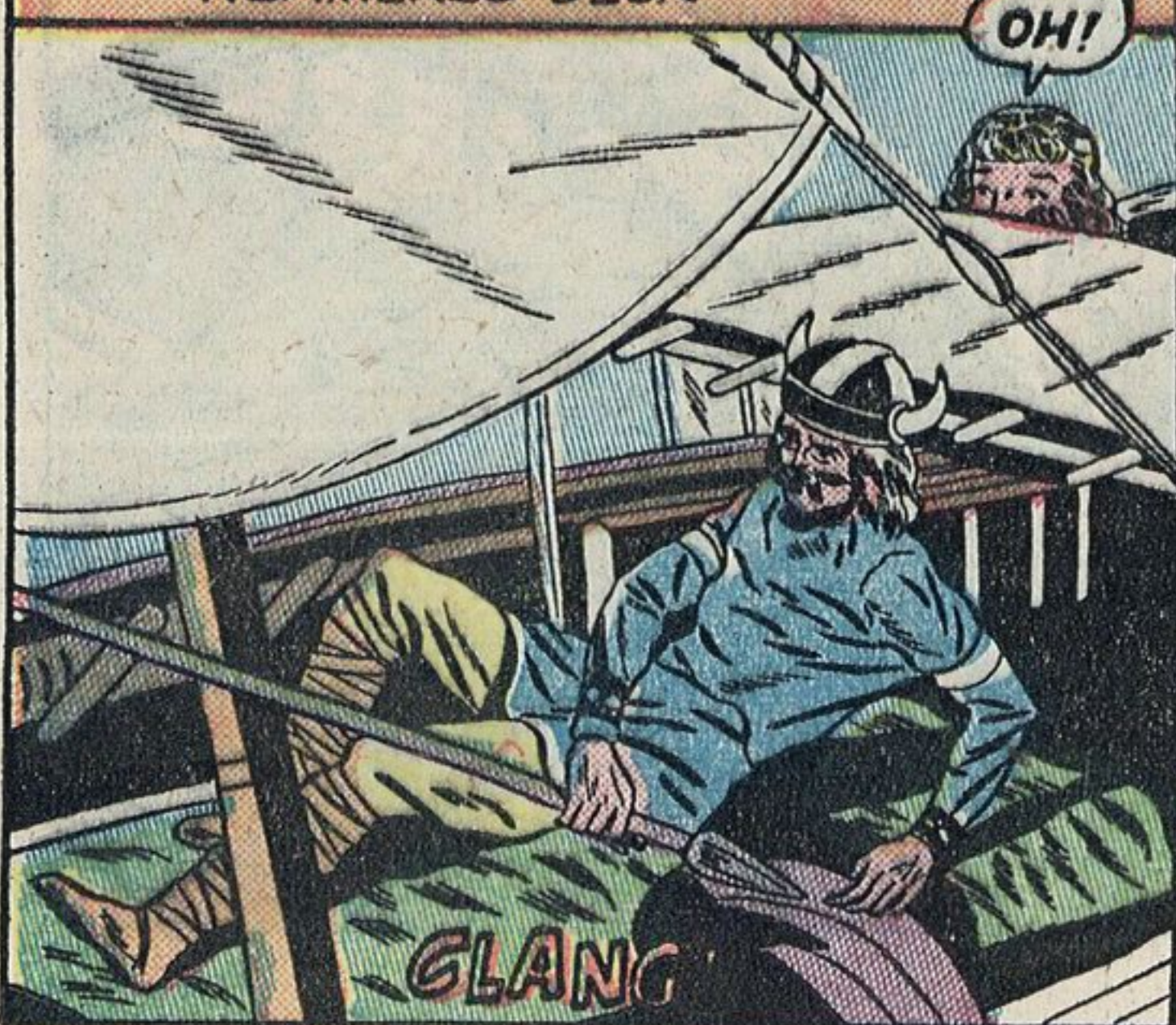


WANDERING SPIRIT OF EVIL-- ARISE! THIS IS YOUR LAST VOYAGE-- THIS IS YOUR LAST DARK HAVEN-- THULE!



A SECOND PASSES-- AND THEN, AS IRON ARMOR RINGS AGAINST THE WEATHERED DECK--

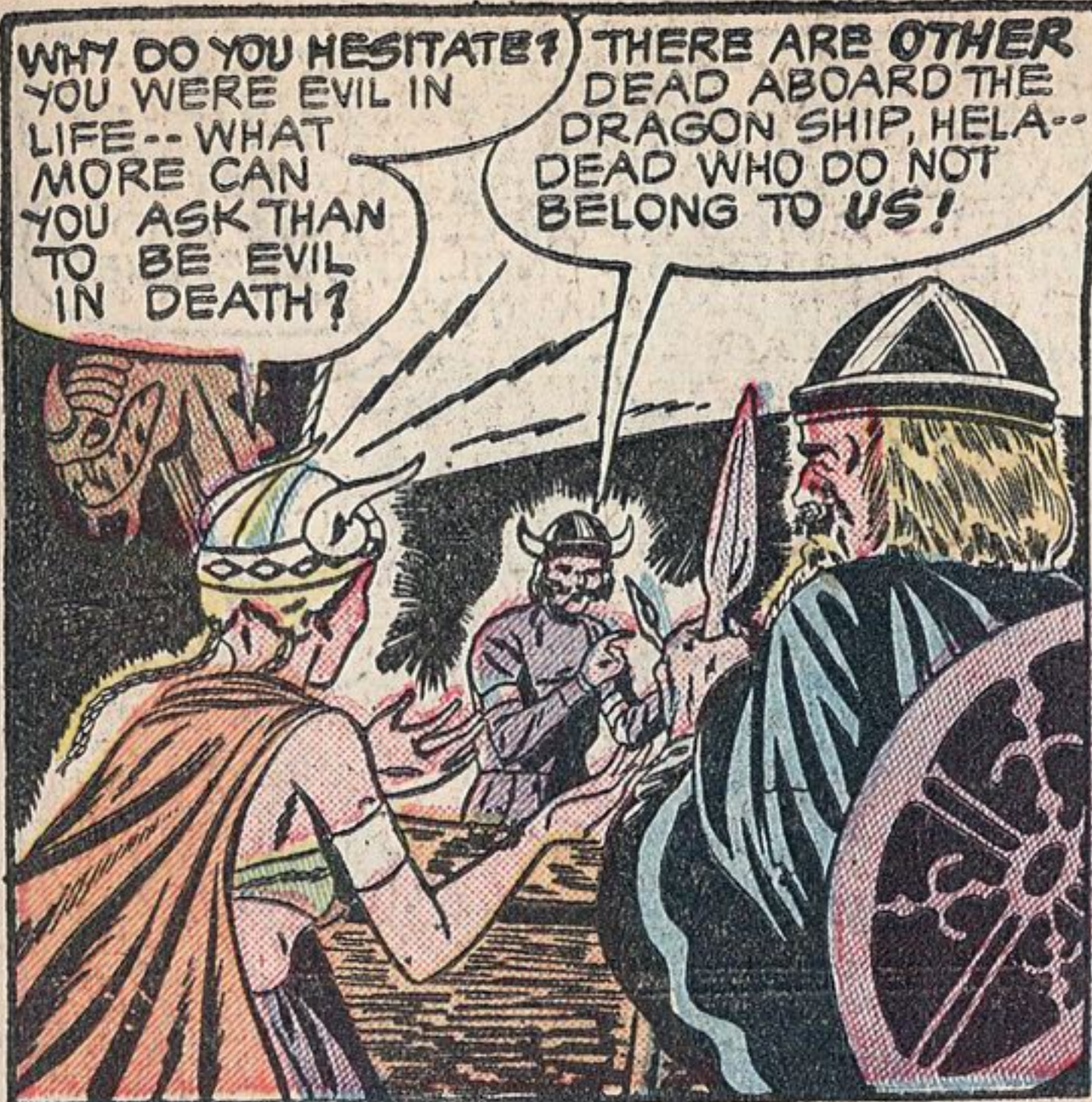
OH!



HOW CAN HE MOVE, REX-- WHEN HE'S LIFELESS-- WHEN HE'S BEEN THAT WAY FOR CENTURIES?

KEEP YOUR HEAD, SWEET-HEART-- I'M BEGINNING TO REALIZE WHAT IT'LL MEAN IF WE'RE DISCOVERED!





WHY DO YOU HESITATE? YOU WERE EVIL IN LIFE-- WHAT MORE CAN YOU ASK THAN TO BE EVIL IN DEATH?

THERE ARE OTHER DEAD ABOARD THE DRAGON SHIP, HELA-- DEAD WHO DO NOT BELONG TO US!



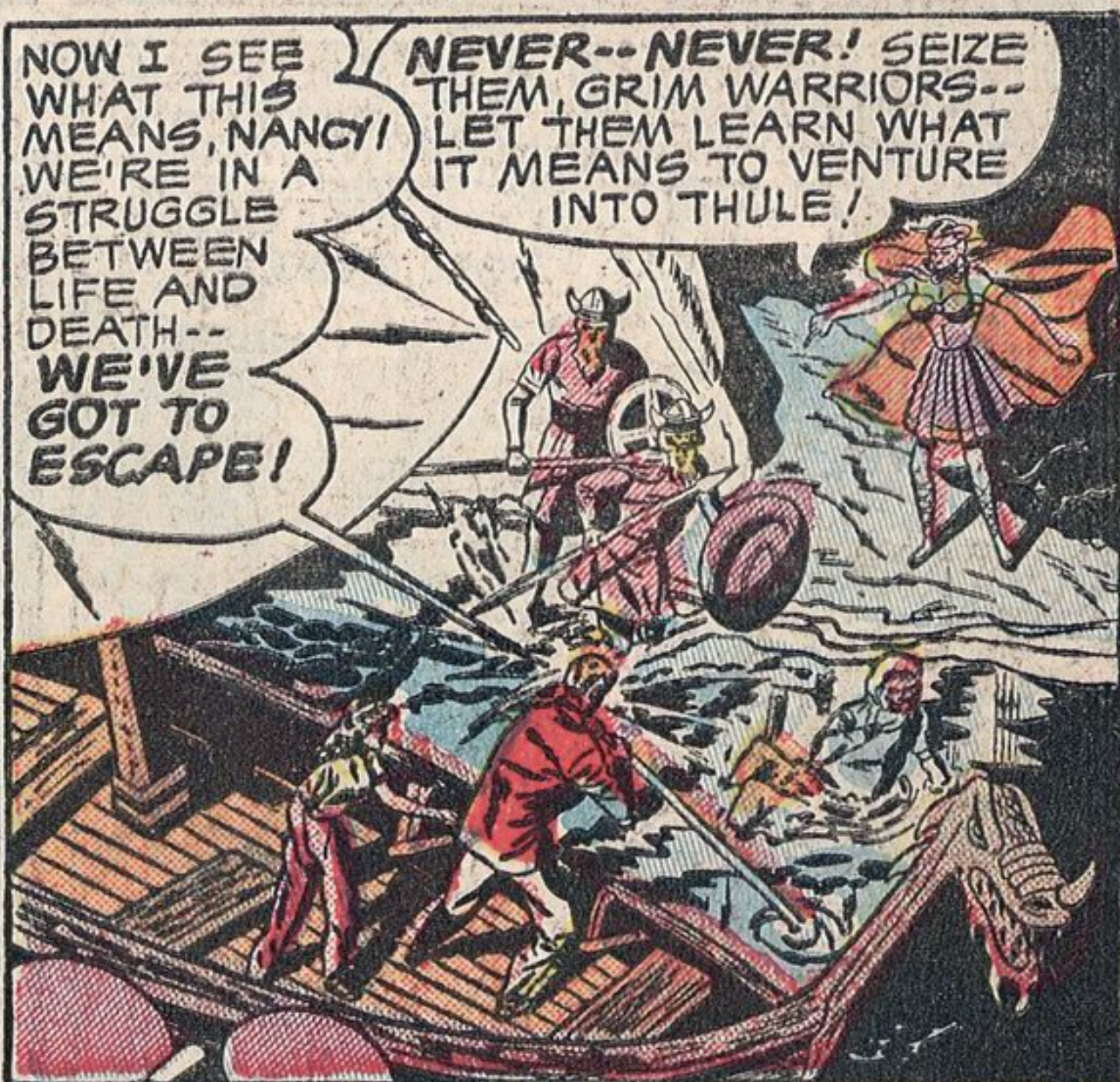
DEAD! NO--NO-- WE CAN'T BE!

THIS WON'T BE GOOD, HONEY-- HE'S SPOTTED US!



THEN-- MIDWAY IN A SAVAGE RUSH--

POW!

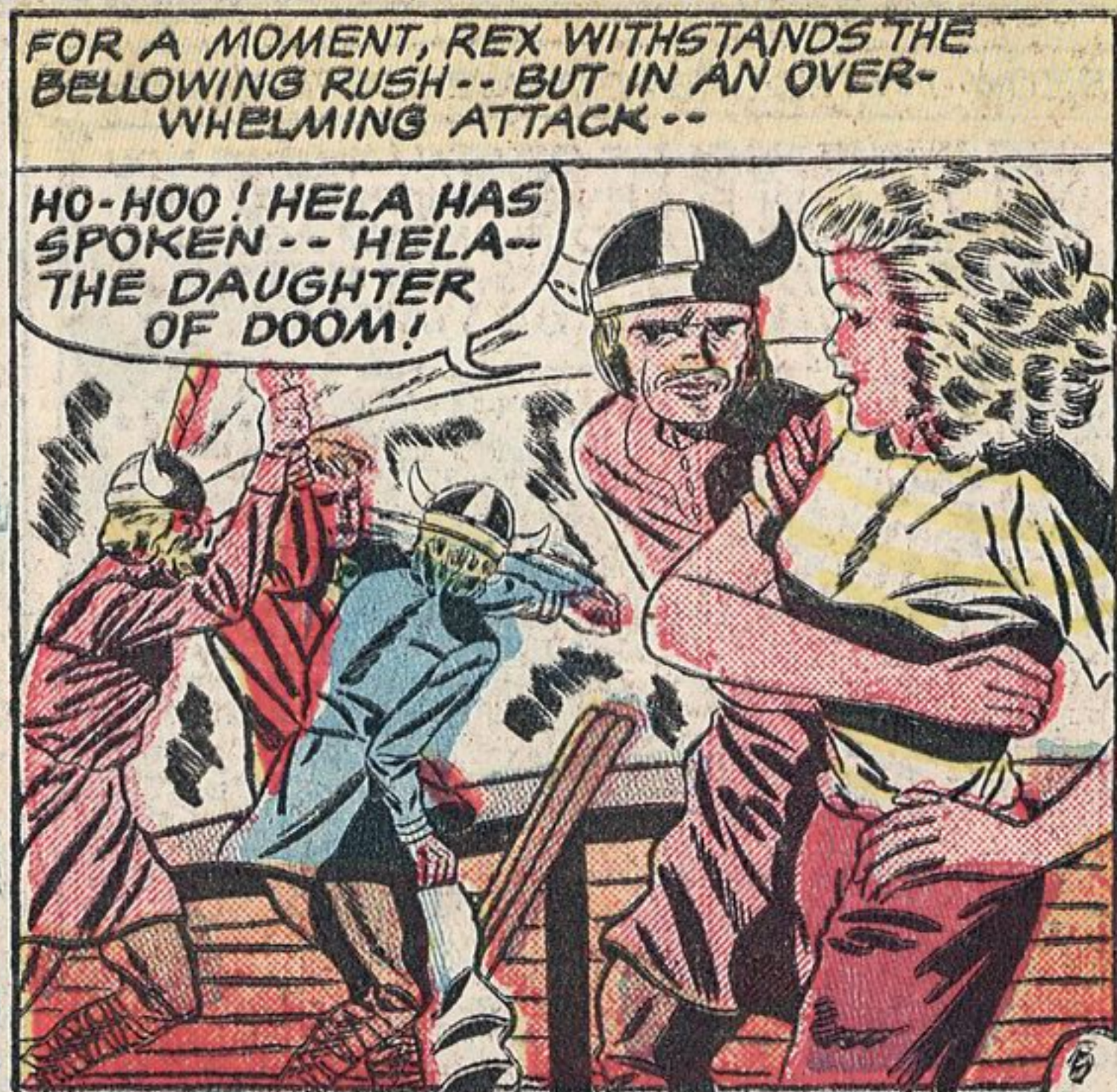


NOW I SEE WHAT THIS MEANS, NANCY! WE'RE IN A STRUGGLE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH-- WE'VE GOT TO ESCAPE!

NEVER--NEVER! SEIZE THEM, GRIM WARRIORS-- LET THEM LEARN WHAT IT MEANS TO VENTURE INTO THULE!



WAM!



FOR A MOMENT, REX WITHSTANDS THE BELLOWING RUSH-- BUT IN AN OVERWHELMING ATTACK--

HO-HOO! HELA HAS SPOKEN-- HELA-- THE DAUGHTER OF DOOM!

A MOMENT LATER-- YOU HAVE MUCH MORE TO LEARN ABOUT HELA! I AM THE VERY PRIESTESS OF PERDITION-- RULER OF THE HIDDEN REACHES OF THULE-- WHERE THE SPIRITS OF VIKINGS WHO GAVE THEMSELVES TO EVIL ARE HARBORED FOREVER!

THERE'S NO USE ASKING WHO YOU ARE, HELA! YOU'RE BOUNDLESSLY EVIL-- AS ONLY A CREATURE BEYOND LIFE CAN BE!



MURDERERS--WIZARDS--TRAITORS-- NONE OF THEM COULD BE BURIED IN HALLOWED VIKING SOIL! THEIR BODIES WERE PLACED IN DRAGON SHIPS AND SET ADrift-- MOVED BY UNFELT WINDS AND UNSEEN CURRENTS-- UNTIL THEY REACHED THE UNCHARTED REALM YOU HAVE TRESSPASSED UPON!



YOU HAVEN'T ANY CLAIM ON US! WE MAY NOT BE ALIVE-- BUT WE DON'T BELONG HERE!

THAT IS TRUE OF MANY OF THE SPIRITS WHO WANDER TO THULE-- AND I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT IS FATED FOR THEM!



THEN-- AS IF THE GHOSTLY SEA WAS THE LAIR OF A MONSTER ROARING FOR PREY--

GREAT GUNS-- WHAT'S THAT?

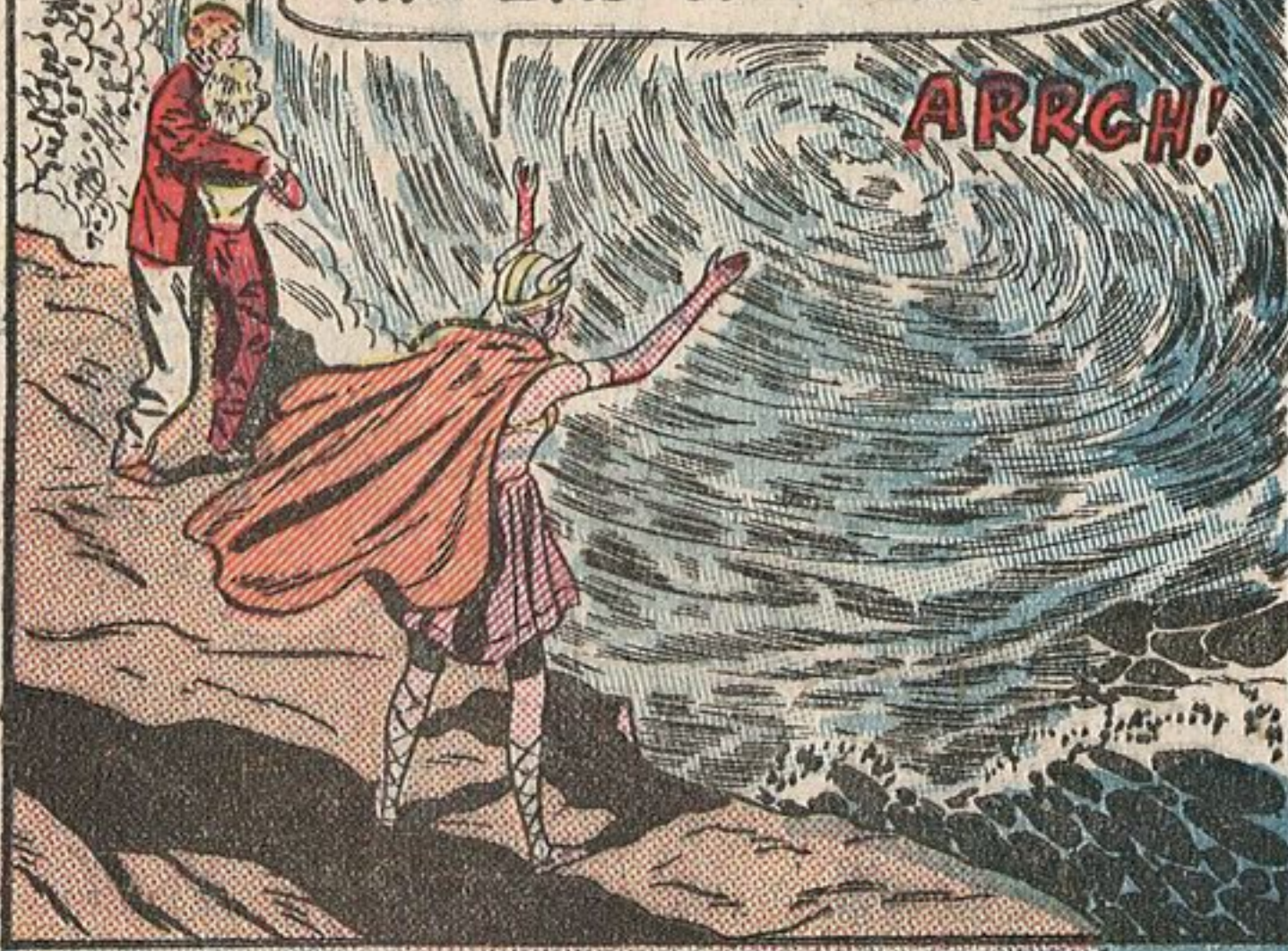
ARRRGH!



BELOW--IN A HEAVING EXPANSE OF SPINNING FOAM--

THE WHIRLPOOL OF DEATH! THERE YOU WILL REMAIN FOREVER-- SPUN TO THE BOILING DEPTHS AND FLUNG UP AGAIN-- OVER AND OVER AGAIN UNTIL THE END OF TIME!

ARRRGH!

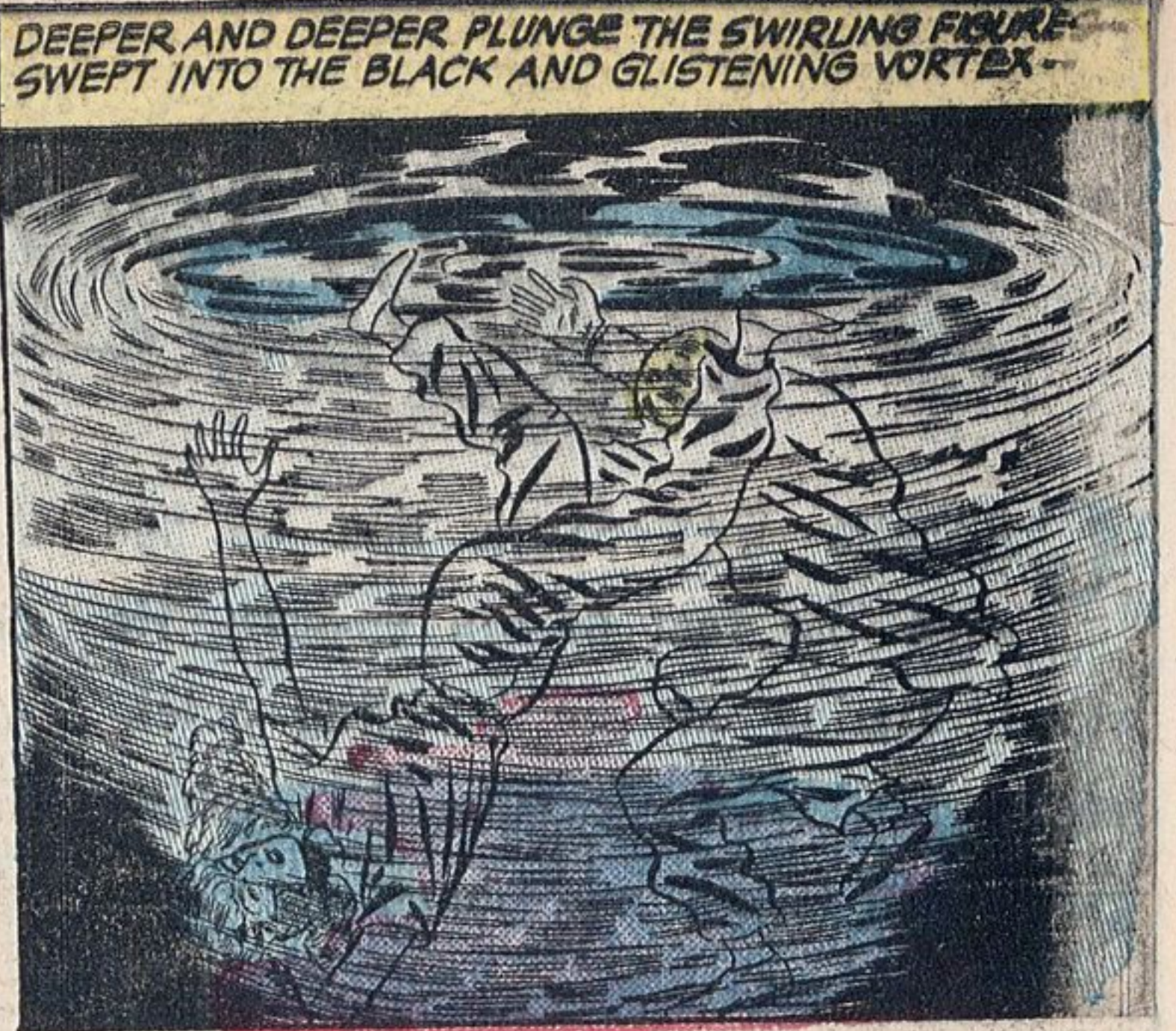
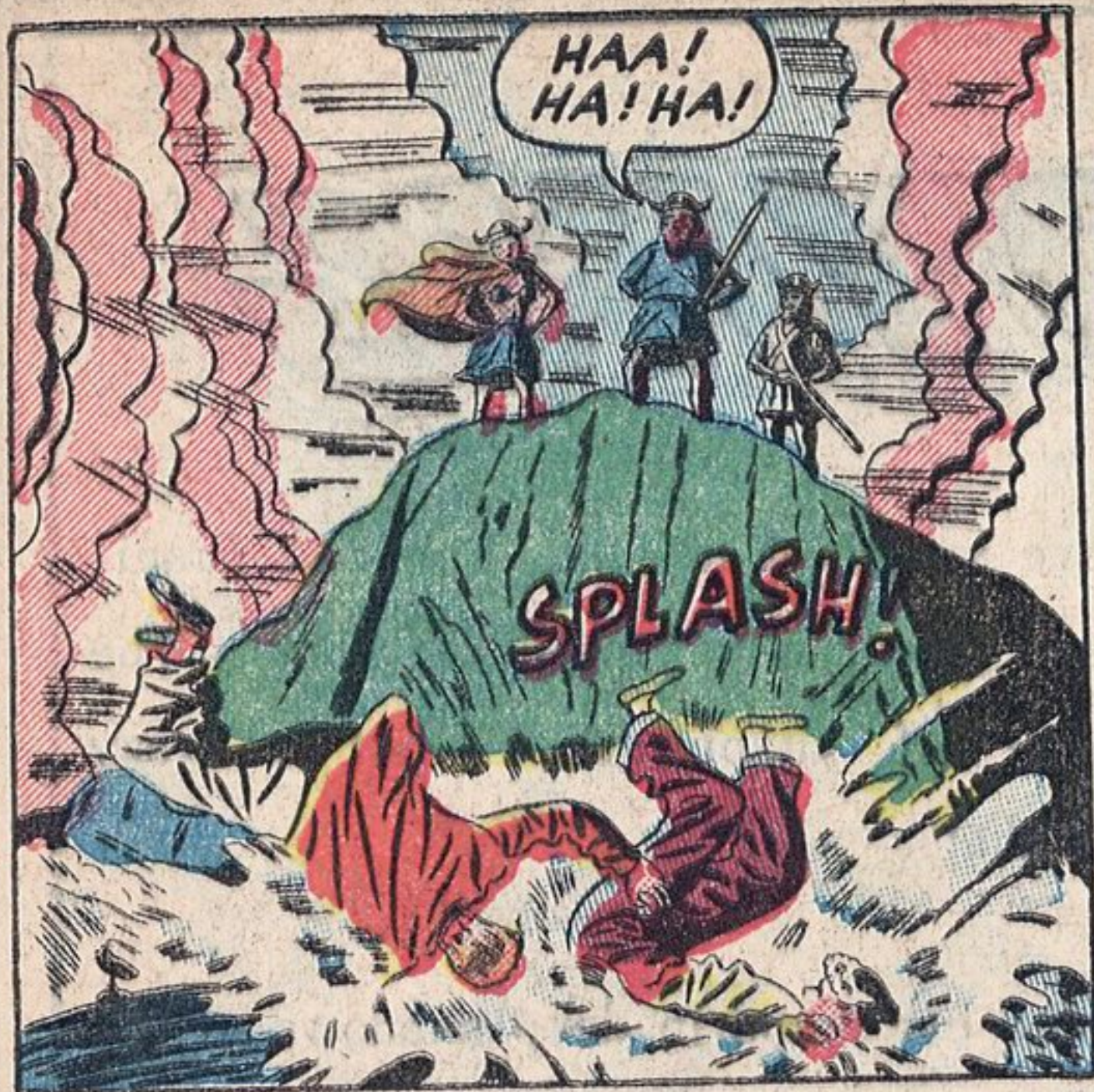


FOR A SECOND, NANCY STARES DOWN AT THE SKIMMING FOAM-- AND THEN--

REX-- I'M GETTING DIZZY-- EVERYTHING'S TURNING BLACK!

WATCH OUT-- YOU'RE GOING TO FALL!





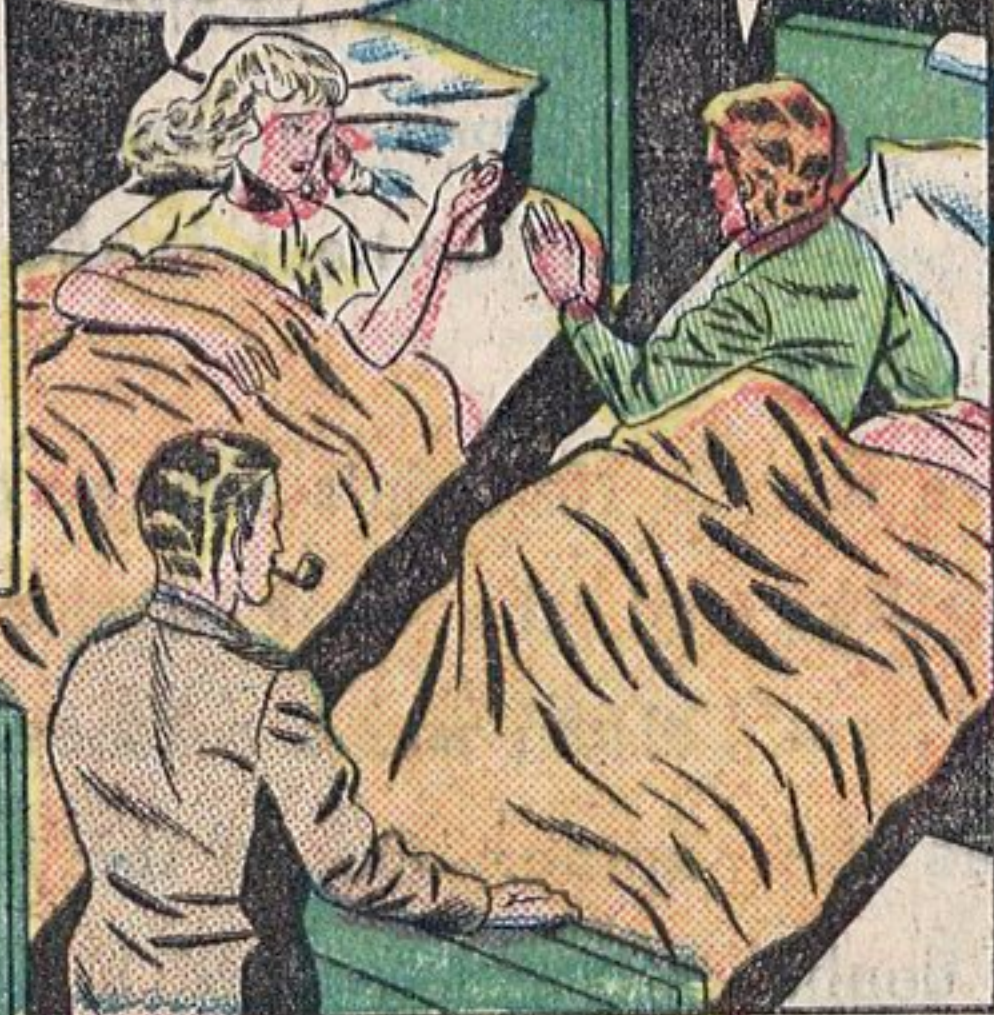
REX--WHERE ARE YOU?
I'M CHOKING-- I'M
FALLING-- **DON'T
LEAVE ME
ALONE!**



SUDDENLY-- A FLOOD OF LIGHT LIKE
A SHATTERED RAINBOW--

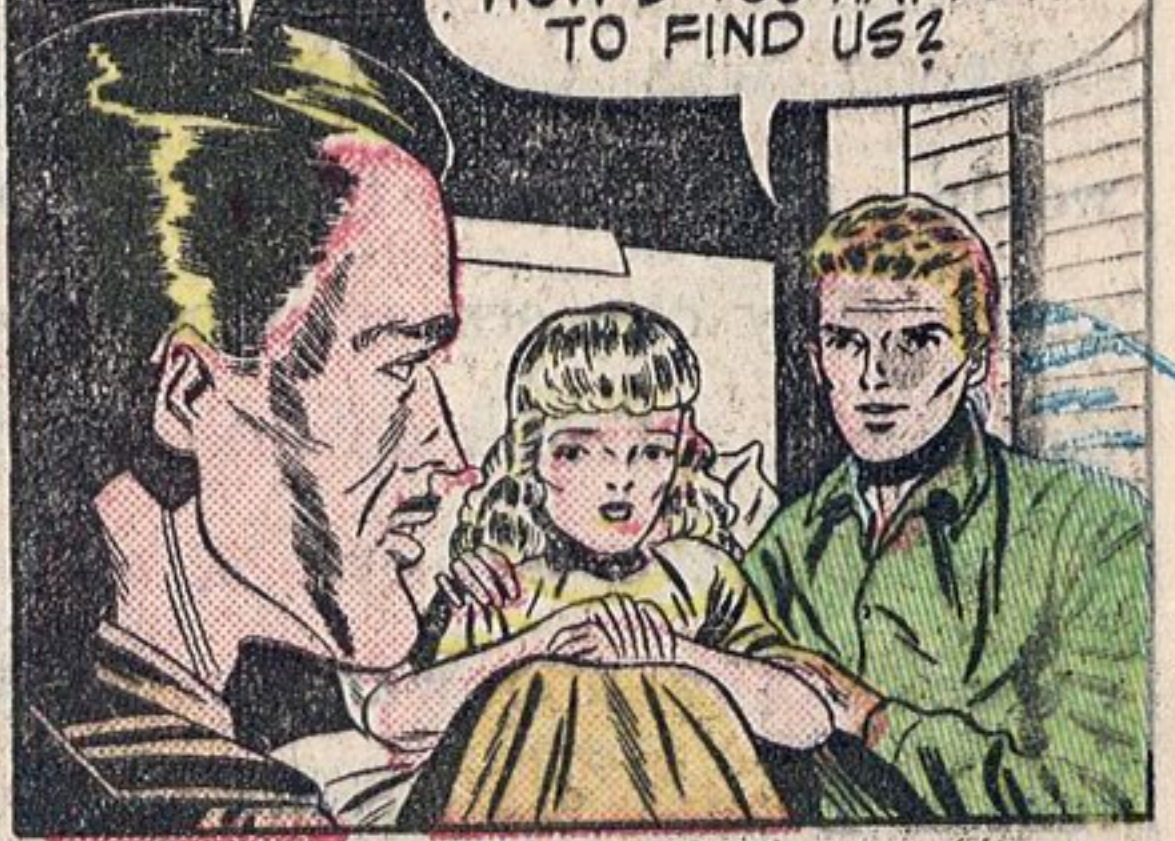
REX-- REX!
THAT HORRIBLE
WHIRLPOOL
WAS DRAW-
ING ME
UNDER!

EASY, SWEET-
HEART! I'M
HERE-- AND
**WE'RE
SAFE!**



OF COURSE, THERE **AREN'T** ANY WHIRL-
POOLS IN THESE WATERS-- BUT LOSING AND
REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS OFTEN PRO-
DUCE A **SPINNING IMAGE** TO A
DROWNING PERSON! I DIDN'T THINK
YOU TWO WOULD SQUEAK THROUGH-- BUT
WE MANAGED
IT AFTER AN
HOUR'S HARD
WORK WITH A
PULMOTOR!

IT'S THE CLOSEST
THING TO A MIRACLE
I'LL EVER EXPERIENCE!
WE MUST HAVE BEEN
MILES FROM SHORE--
HOW'D YOU HAPPEN
TO FIND US?

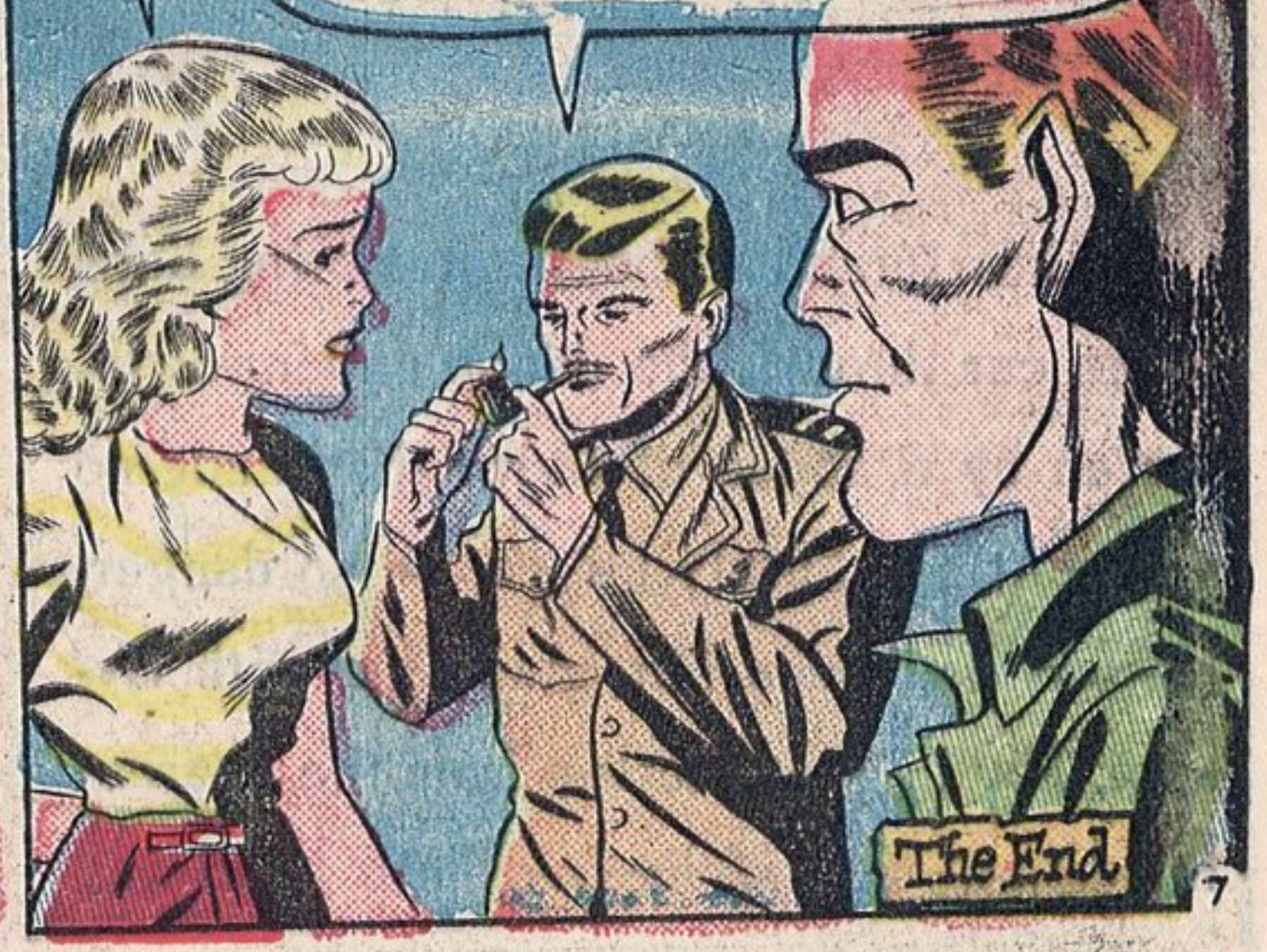


YOU CAN THANK THE STORM FOR THAT! THE
WAVES RIPPED UP THE BEACH AND UNCOVERED
SOME KIND OF **OLD VESSEL**-- SWEEPING IT
SEAWARD! WE WERE TRYING TO FIND IT
WHEN WE SPOTTED YOUR BOAT SINKING--
AND LEFT OFF TO SEARCH FOR **YOU!**



AN OLD
VESSEL--
**REALLY
OLD?**

WELL-- OUR LOOKOUT SWEARS HE COULD
MAKE OUT A DRAGON'S HEAD ON THE
PROW! WHO KNOWS-- MAYBE IT **WAS**
A VIKING SHIP THAT DRIFTED ACROSS
THE ATLANTIC CENTURIES AGO--AND
GOT BURIED IN THE SAND!



The End

THE UNDYING

GRAHAM WAS SURE that he had seen the last of his enemy! He stood staring at the bubbling quicksand, his breath coming in choking gasps, his face a rage-convulsed mask.

He had struggled furiously with young Evans, forcing him back into the bog. The quicksand had carried him down, and a deep hush had descended on the forest.

Evans was dead in the bog. He would never rise from the clinging mud. Only one arm remained above the quicksand, thrust up into the fog like a living grave marker. *Living?* Nonsense! The arm was as dead as the rest of Evans! How could Graham doubt it? So what did it matter that Evans seemed to be shaking his fist in undying hatred at the man who had robbed him of his life?

Graham turned and went stumbling back to his car through the dense undergrowth, driven by a sense of terror that made no sense at all. Surely he was in no danger! No one had seen him grappling with Evans. The bog was miles from the nearest farmhouse and if he kept his head and

drove swiftly away, the finger of suspicion would never point at him. The *finger of suspicion!* What a crazy thought!

The car stood in deep shadows at the edge of a narrow dirt road. The misty white fingers of the fog seemed to claw and pluck at the windshield as Graham bent above the wheel. Fingers again! Something primitive and menacing was at work in him, turning all of his thoughts back to the bog!

He didn't see the dead, white hand until the door of the car opened with a click, and a coldness swirled around his spine. Out of the fog it came, creeping straight toward him. And there was a terrible strength in the hand as it fastened on Graham's ankle and dragged him screaming from the car.

Straight back to the bog it dragged him, ignoring his babblings and wild pleadings. And the last thing Graham saw on earth was the quicksand bubbling up again, gurgling and churning around his own sinking shoulders. Then it settled to rest, and a deep hush descended on the forest.

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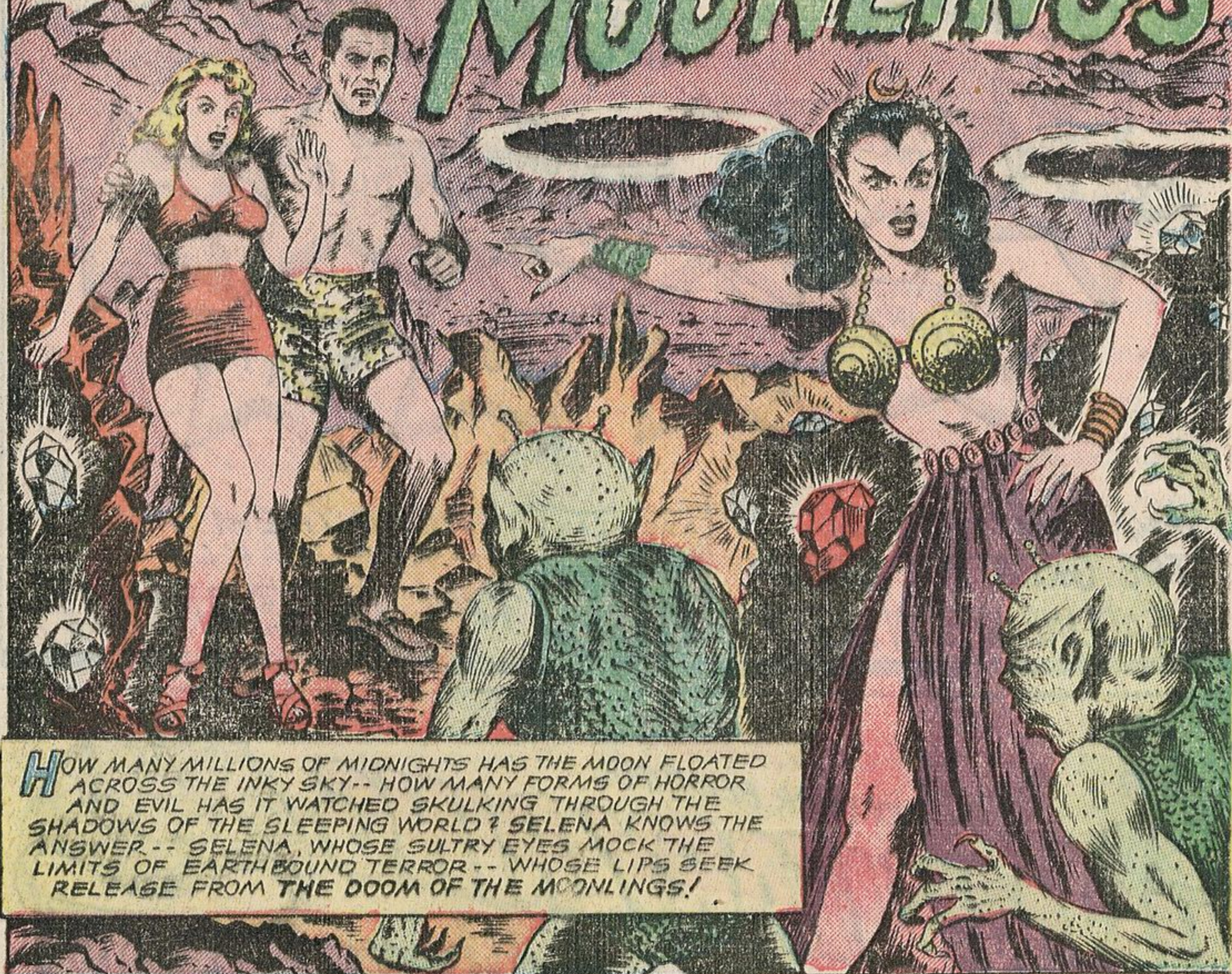
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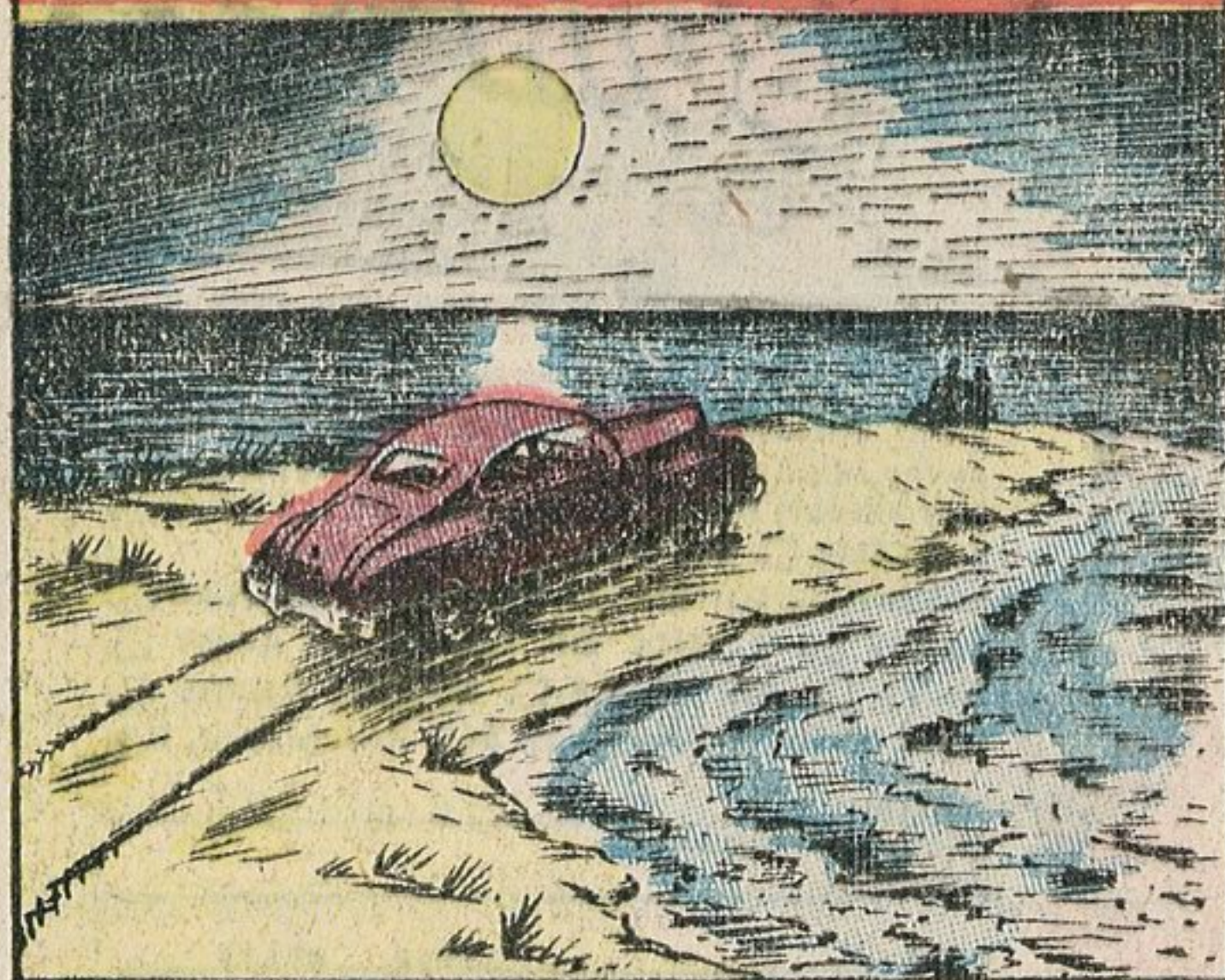
CITY _____ ONE _____ STATE _____

THE DOOM OF THE MOONLINGS



HOW MANY MILLIONS OF MIDDNIGHTS HAS THE MOON FLOATED ACROSS THE INKY SKY-- HOW MANY FORMS OF HORROR AND EVIL HAS IT WATCHED SKULKING THROUGH THE SHADOWS OF THE SLEEPING WORLD? SELENA KNOWS THE ANSWER-- SELENA, WHOSE SULTRY EYES MOCK THE LIMITS OF EARTHBOUND TERROR-- WHOSE LIPS SEEK RELEASE FROM THE DOOM OF THE MOONLINGS!

LATE ONE NIGHT, THE FULL MOON LOOKS DOWN WITH AN UNBLINKING STARE UPON A SANDY HEADLAND-- A POINT OF LAND PEOPLED BY ONLY A SINGLE COUPLE-- A MAN AND A GIRL FATED FOR A NIGHT OF UNMATCHED TERROR!



I SUPPOSE PEOPLE WOULD THINK WE'RE WHACKY, SWEETHEART-- SITTING LIKE THIS HOUR AFTER HOUR!

I DON'T CARE WHAT ANYONE THINKS, BOB! WITH OUR HONEYMOON JUST A FEW DAYS OFF, ALL I WANT IS TO BE ALONE WITH YOU-- MILES FROM NOWHERE-- LIKE THIS!



ONLY MIDNIGHT!
CUDDLE UP
AGAINST MY
SHOULDER,
HONEY-- AND
WE'LL DREAM
A LITTLE
LONGER!

WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED
TO THE MOON? THE GLOW
SEEMED TO FADE DURING
THE PAST FEW MINUTES,
BUT NOW THE MOON'S
GONE COMPLETELY--
AND NOT A CLOUD
IN THE SKY!

IT'S AN ECLIPSE,
JOYCE! NOTICE
HOW THE GROW-
ING DARKNESS
MAKES YOUR
OTHER SENSES
MORE ACUTE?

YES, IT'S ALMOST AS IF I
CAN HEAR SOMETHING!
IN FACT, NOW I'M SURE
OF IT-- A DEEP DRONING
NOISE FROM THE DIRECTION
OF THE MOON!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT, LIGHT AND SOUND
ARE FUSED AS A DAZZLING ROAR SURGES
DOWN-- THUDDING AGAINST THE SEA
AND THE SAND--



IT'S A BEAM,
BOB-- WITH
SOMETHING
MOVING
INSIDE!

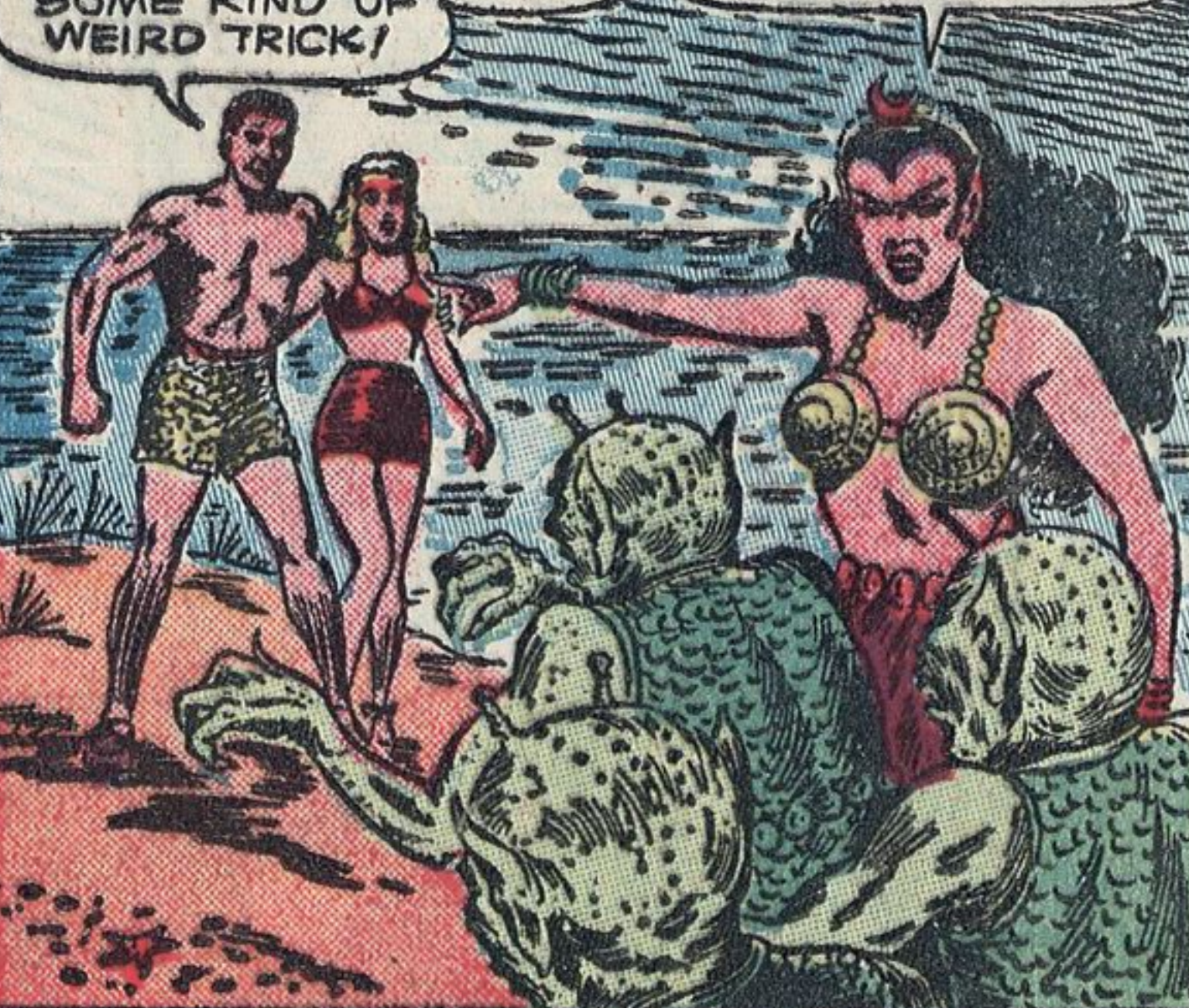
TAKE IT
EASY-- IT
CAN'T BE
ANYTHING
SUPER-
NATURAL!



GOOD
HEAVENS!

THEY DON'T EXIST, JOYCE--
IT'S AN ILLUSION-- OR
SOME KIND OF
WEIRD TRICK!

HUMANS! SEIZE
THEM, MOONLINGS!



AS THE OUTLANDISH CREATURES CLOSE IN--

GREAT GUNS-- THEY ARE
REAL! JOYCE-- RUN FOR
THE CAR!





WITH ALL RETREAT BLOCKED BY THE UNHOLY THROG--

I'VE OFTEN HEARD THAT THE MOON IS UNDER AN EVIL SWAY-- BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

ON EARTH-- THE NIGHT SPIRITS PREY ON HUMANS IN THEIR SEARCH FOR LIFE! WE SEEK EXACTLY THE OPPOSITE-- DEATH!



ONLY THEN WILL WE BECOME TRUE PHANTOMS AND ABLE TO SUBJECT THE EARTH TO THE DARK POWERS OF MY MOONLINGS! WE'VE BIDEN OUR TIME FOR CENTURIES FOR A MIDNIGHT ECLIPSE-- WHEN MY MOON CHANNEL SWEEPS THE AREA DARKENED BY THE BROODING SATELLITE-- GIVING US A DAZZLING PATHWAY THROUGH SPACE!



GOOD GOSH! THIS IS THE ONLY PLACE WHERE THE PATH OF THE ECLIPSE TOUCHES LAND-- THE REST OF IT CURVES OUT OVER THE OCEAN!

YES-- AND THAT MEANS THAT YOU ARE OUR ONLY CAPTIVES! WE WILL CARRY YOU TO THE MOON FOR SACRIFICE-- DEATH WILL ENTER MY SINISTER REALM FOR THE FIRST TIME-- AND END THE MOONLINGS' CURSE OF HALF LIFE!



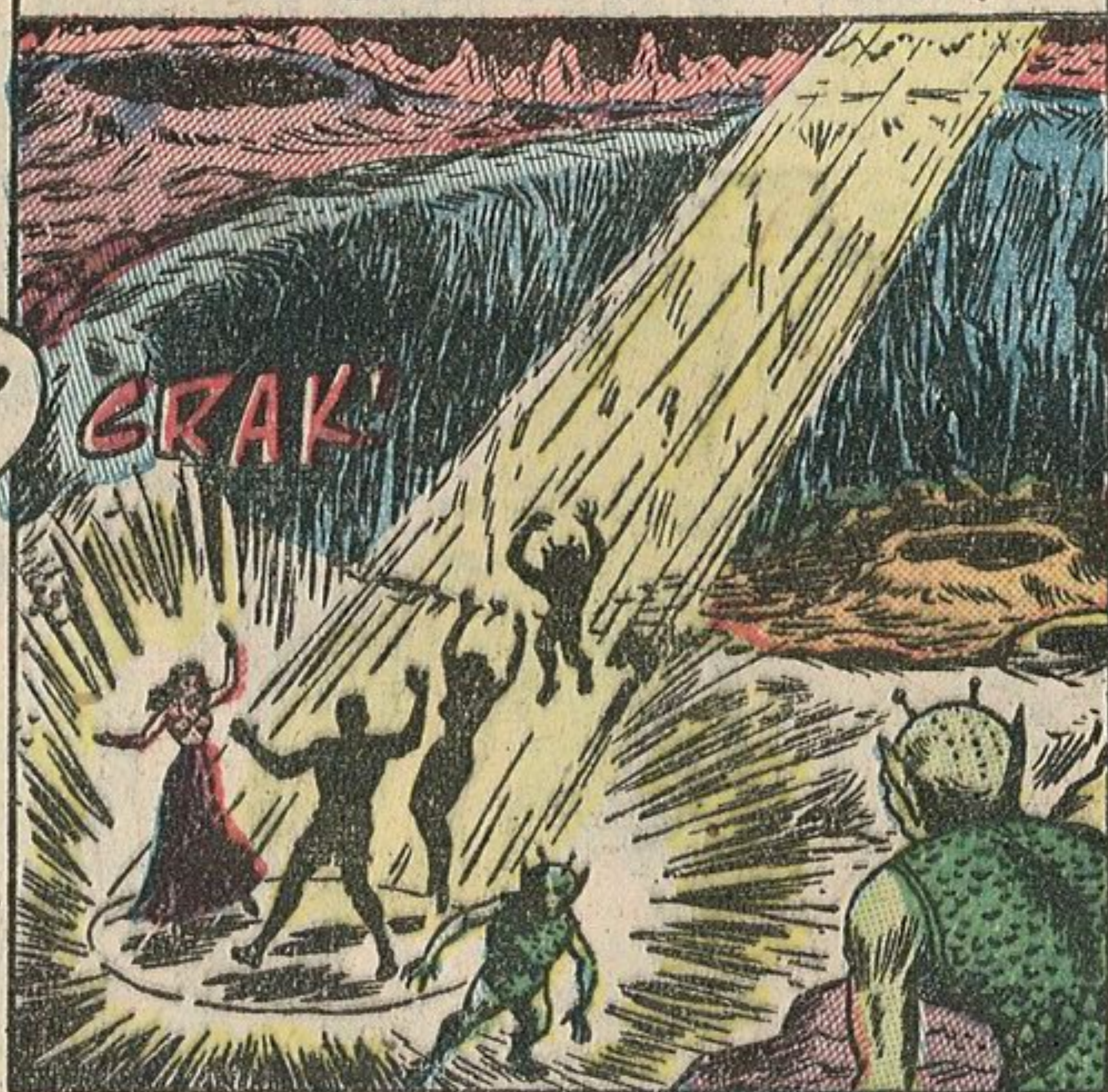
BLACK SPIRIT OF THE COSMOS-- SELENA SPEAKS! LET THE MOON CHANNEL RETURN-- AND SWEEP US THROUGH SPACE!

THEN, BRILLIANT AS THE HIDDEN SUN-- STRONGER THAN A THOUSAND CYCLONES-- THE WEIRD BEAM BORES INTO THE DARKNESS!



BOB! WE'RE BEING CARRIED AWAY FROM THE EARTH!

FASTER THAN THOUGHT ITSELF-- THE SHAFT REACHES THE SCARRED AND PITTED SURFACE OF THE MOON!



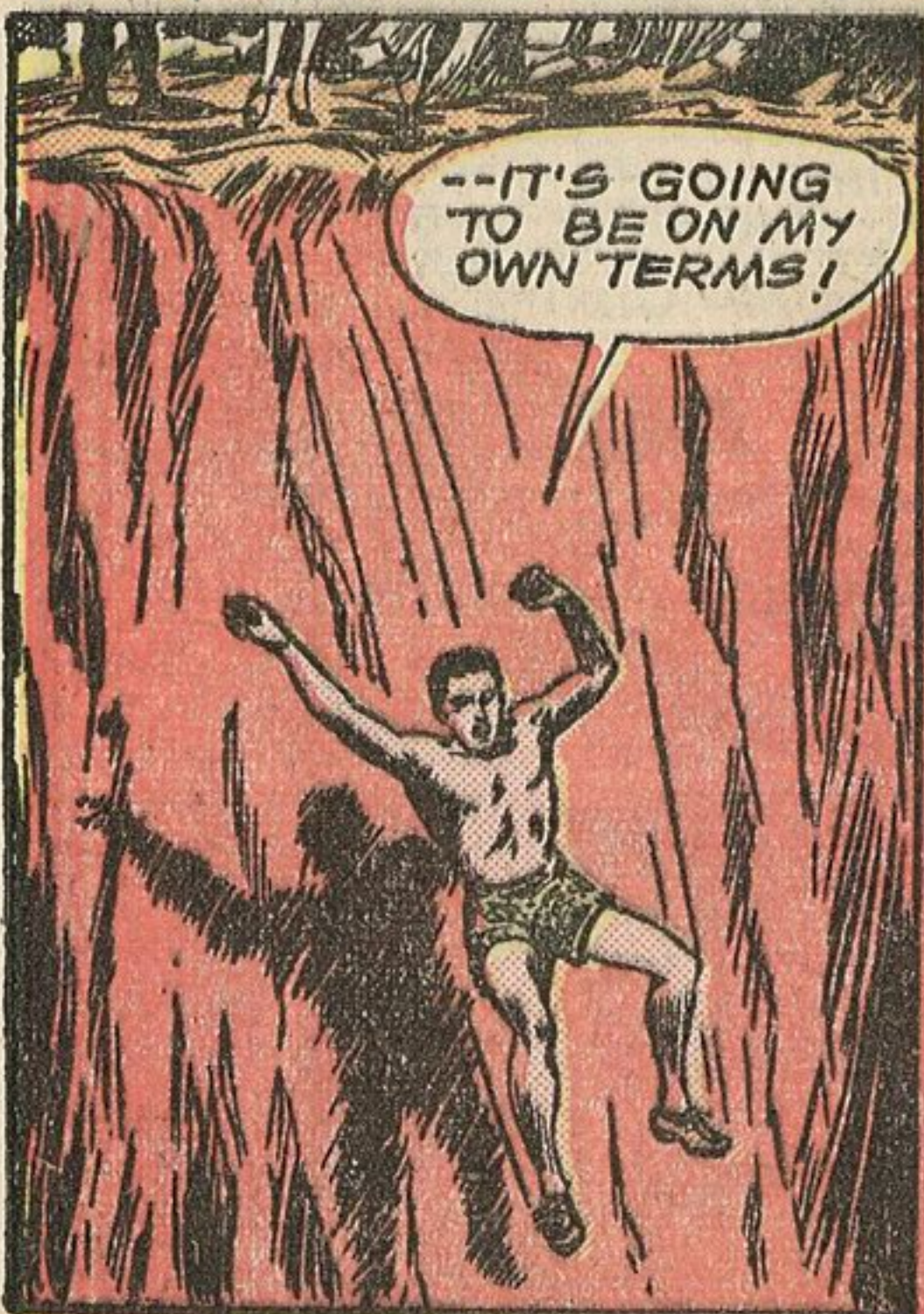
CRACK!

THERE ARE DOZENS OF OTHER CRATERS BELOW, BOB! LOOK AT THEM-- GLISTENING LIKE JET-- AND ALL OF THEM BLACK, EVIL!

MAKE THE MOST OF THIS FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE MOON-- FOR IT'S THE LAST THING YOUR EYES WILL LOOK UPON!

BOB-- WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING-- ANYTHING THAT WILL LET US LIVE!

WISH WE COULD, HONEY-- BUT THIS LOOKS LIKE THE END! I'M NOT AFRAID TO DIE-- BUT WHEN I DO--



--IT'S GOING TO BE ON MY OWN TERMS!



BOB! NO-- NO-- WHY DID YOU DO IT?

AAAGHHH!



I--I CAN'T
BEAR TO LOOK
DOWN AT HIM--
CRUMPLED AND
TWISTED--
HUNDREDS
OF FEET
BELOW!

AAH! DEATH HAS COME
TO THE MOON-- AND WITH
IT-- AN ETERNITY OF
UNBRIDLED EVIL!



BUT AS THE MINUTES PASS--
WE ARE STILL
MOONLINGS, SELENA!
DEATH HAS NOT
CHANGED US!

THAT IS BECAUSE
THE SWAY OF
DEATH IS NOT YET
COMPLETE-- SHE
IS STILL ALIVE!



TEAR THE SPARK OF LIFE FROM HER
BODY, MOONLINGS! AND THEN
SEE WHAT DEATH CAN DO!



AT THAT
INSTANT--

WHO SPEAKS OF
DEATH-- WHO IS IT
SUMMONS ME?

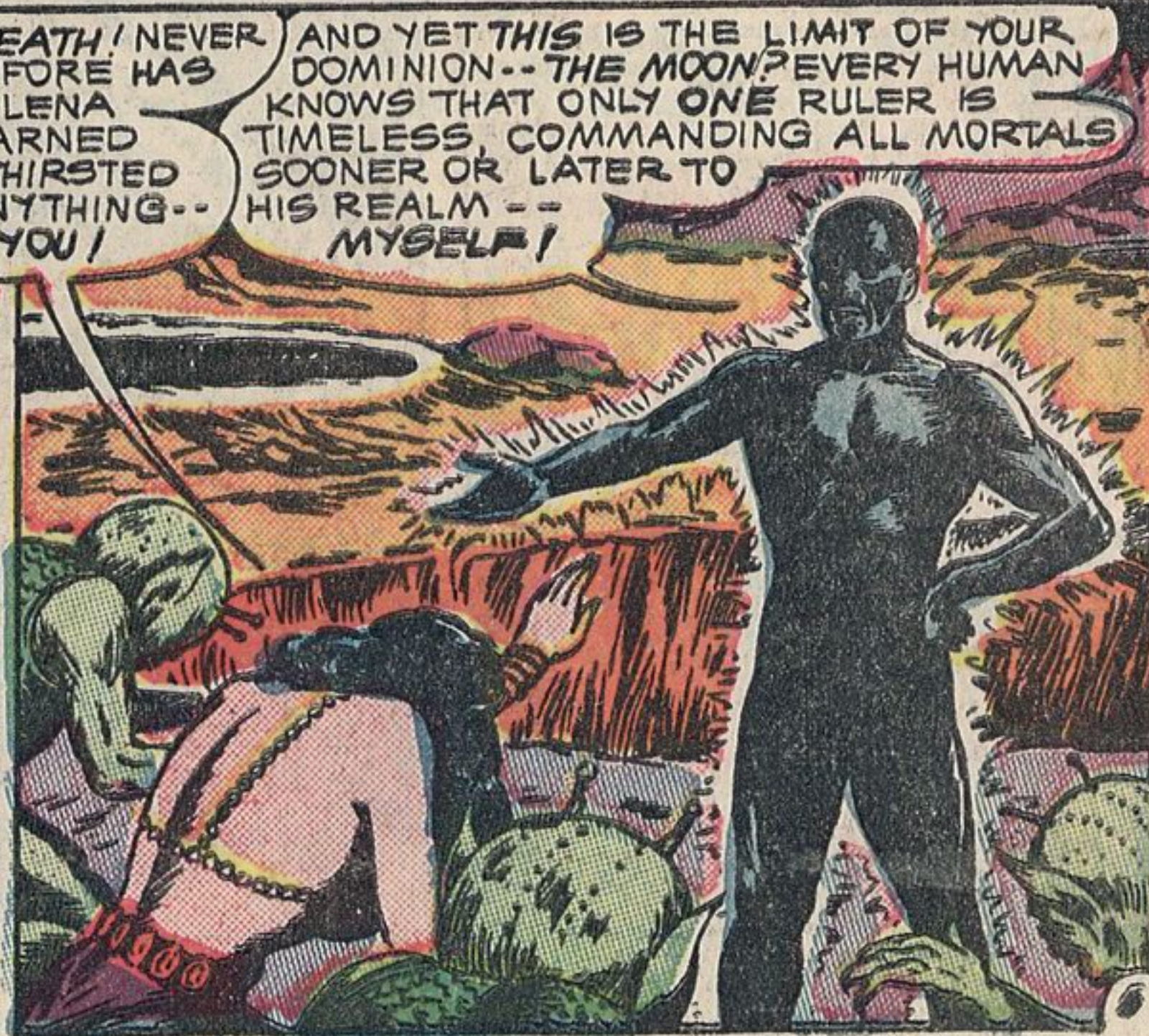


DEATH! GOOD
HEAVENS--
NOW I KNOW
I'LL NEVER
SEE BOB
AGAIN!

YOU HAVE HEARD
SELENA-- YOU
HAVE COME TO
THE MOON!

DEATH! NEVER
BEFORE HAS
SELENA
YEARNED
AND THIRSTED
FOR ANYTHING--
BUT YOU!

AND YET THIS IS THE LIMIT OF YOUR
DOMINION-- THE MOON? EVERY HUMAN
KNOWS THAT ONLY ONE RULER IS
TIMELESS, COMMANDING ALL MORTALS
SOONER OR LATER TO
HIS REALM --
MYSELF!



YOU HAVE SOUGHT DEATH FOR YOUR MOONLINGS, LITTLE DREAMING THAT MY EYES AND TOUCH WOULD FASTEN ON YOU-- SEEKING A CONSORT FOR ALL ETERNITY-- SHARING MY RULE OVER THE DIM UNKNOWN! YOU ARE LOVELY BEYOND MEASURE, SELENA-- I AM POWERFUL BEYOND LIFE! THINK OF WHAT WE CAN BE TOGETHER!

TOGETHER-- UNTIL TIME ITSELF IS THROTTLED BY THE CLUTCH OF EVIL!



AND WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO US-- WITHOUT DEATH-- WITHOUT SELENA?

DEATH CAN NOT LEAVE UNTIL HE HAS CLAIMED THE GIRL-- AND CHANGED US INTO PHANTOMS!



DO YOU THINK WE WILL DESERT YOU, MOONLINGS? LET THIS GIRL DEPART WITH SELENA AND ME-- LET HER BE SLAIN AMONG THE WORLD OF THE LIVING-- AND HER LAST BREATH WILL BE YOUR SIGNAL TO JOIN US!



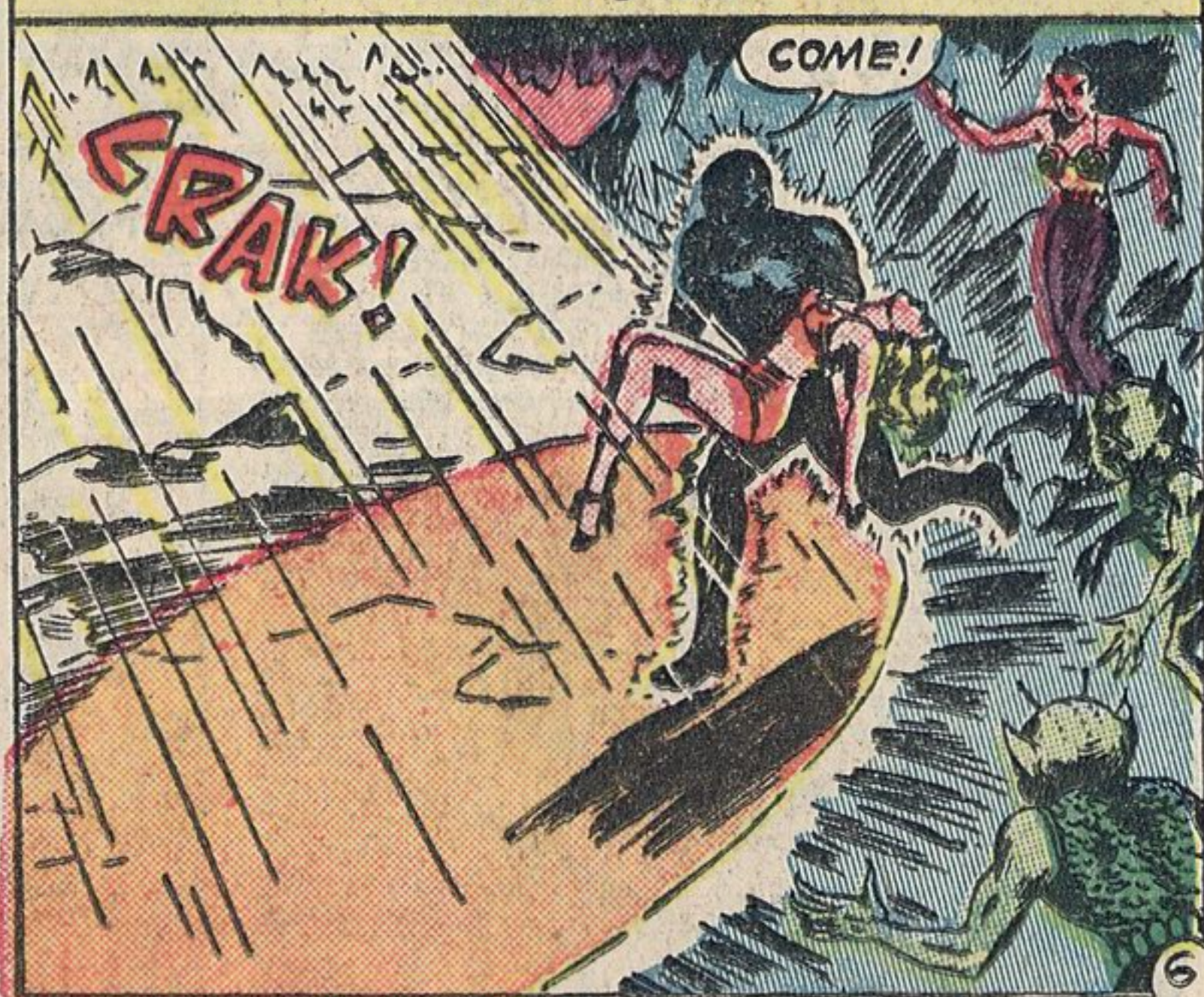
HASTEN, GRIM PRINCE! THE PATH OF OUR ECLIPSE HAS NEARLY LEFT THE EARTH'S FACE! IN BUT A MOMENT-- NOT EVEN YOU WILL BE ABLE TO FREE ME FROM THE MOON!



SPIRIT OF THE COSMIC DARK-- RELEASE YOUR UNSEEN ENERGIES! AGAIN I SUMMON THE MOON CHANNEL!



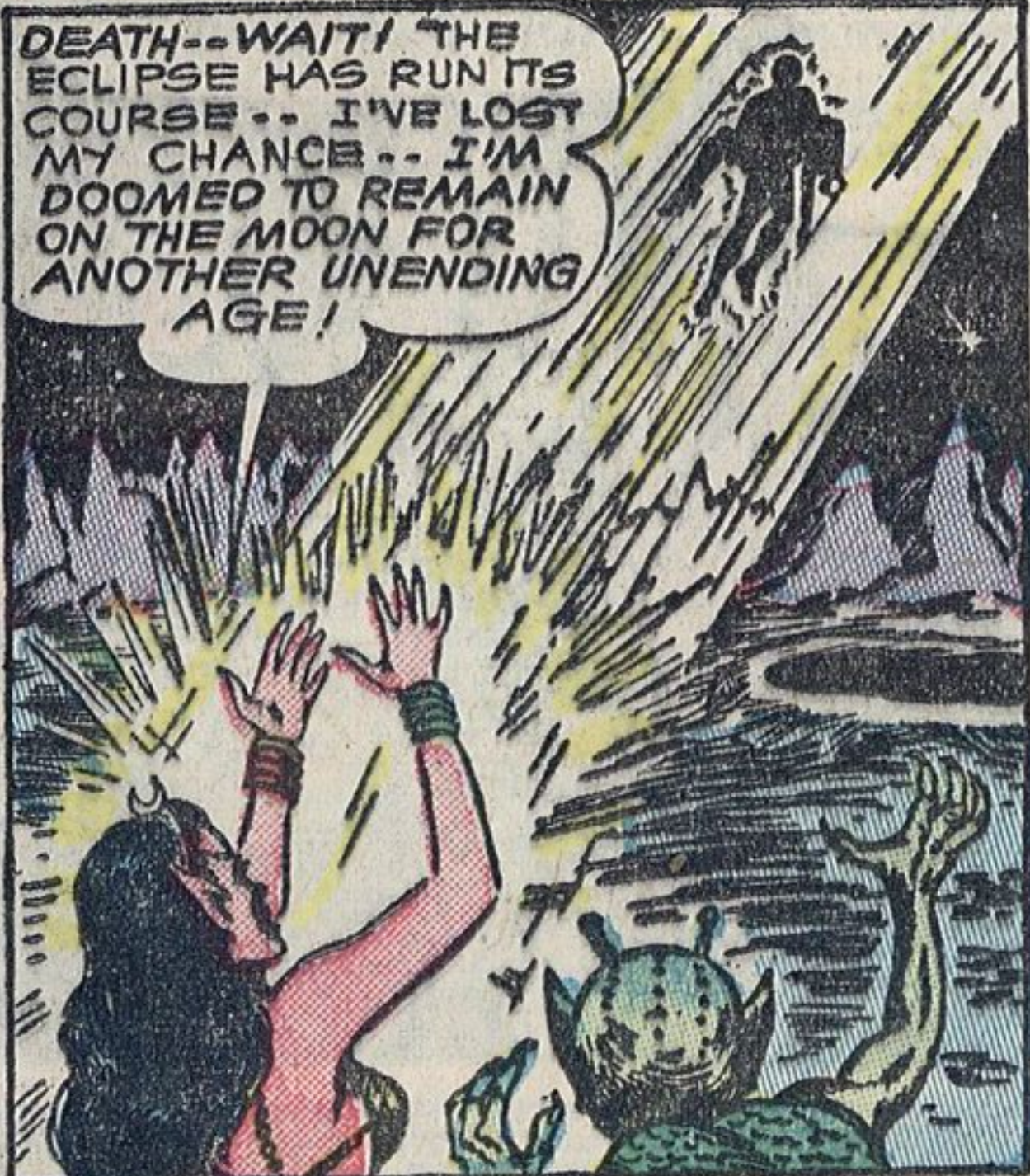
AS THE DAZZLING BEAM SPIRALES DOWN LIKE A LIVING FORCE--



COME!

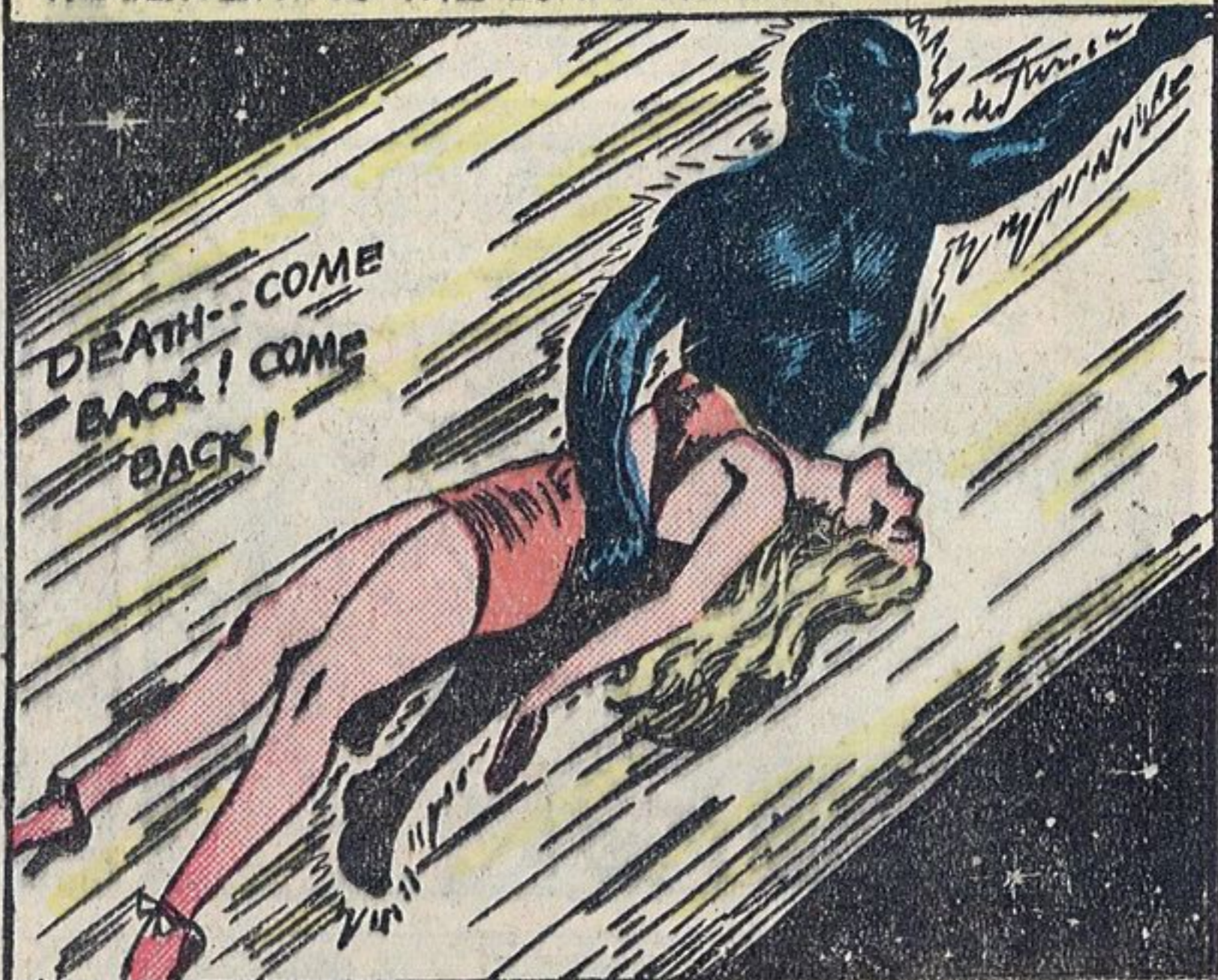
CRACK!

DEATH--WAIT! THE ECLIPSE HAS RUN ITS COURSE-- I'VE LOST MY CHANCE-- I'M DOOMED TO REMAIN ON THE MOON FOR ANOTHER UNENDING AGE!



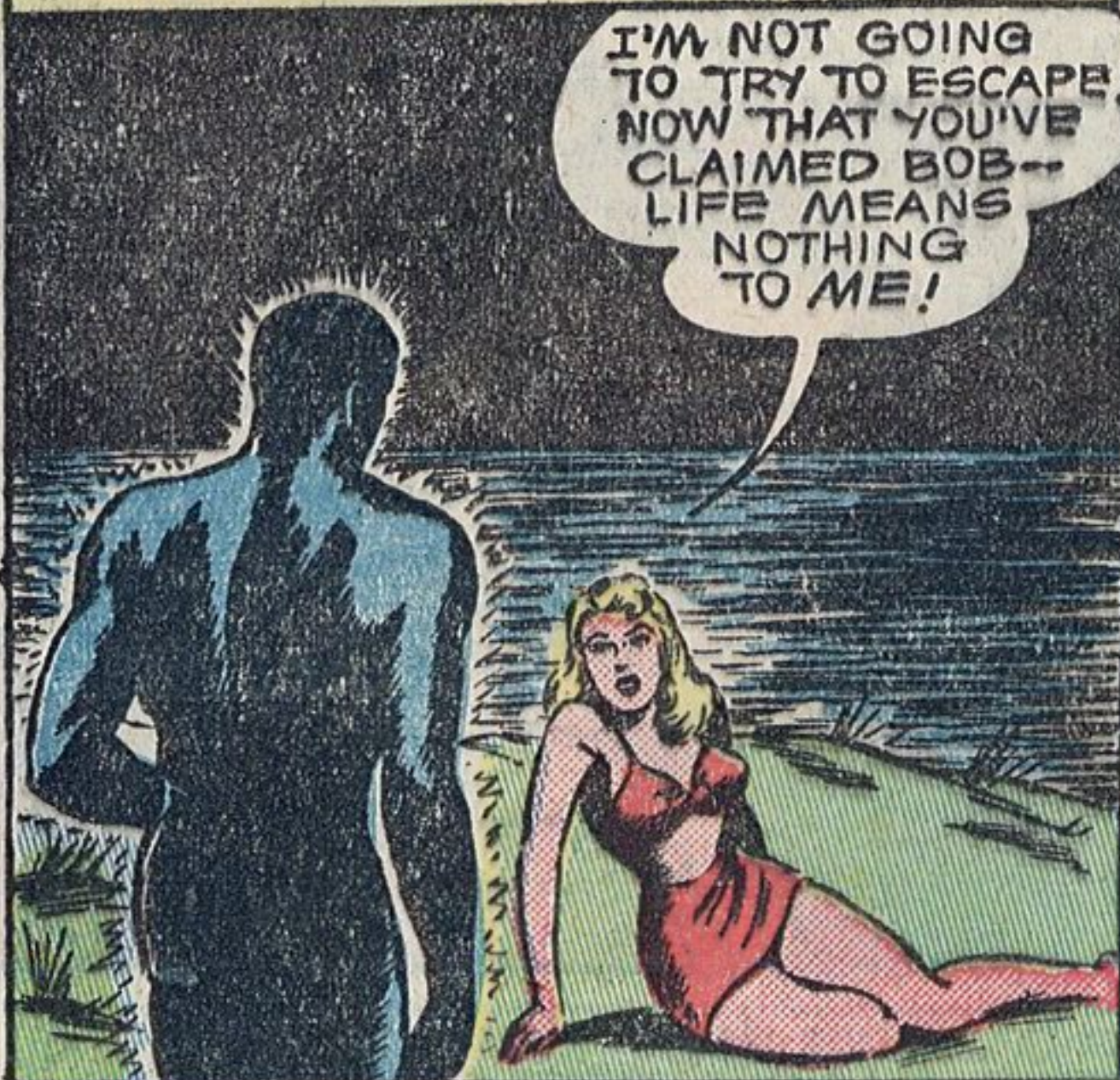
THEN-- WITH SELENA'S BESEECHING VOICE TRAILING INTO THE LUNAR NIGHT--

DEATH--COME BACK! COME BACK!



SECONDS LATER-- AS THE BEAM REACHES THE EARTH--

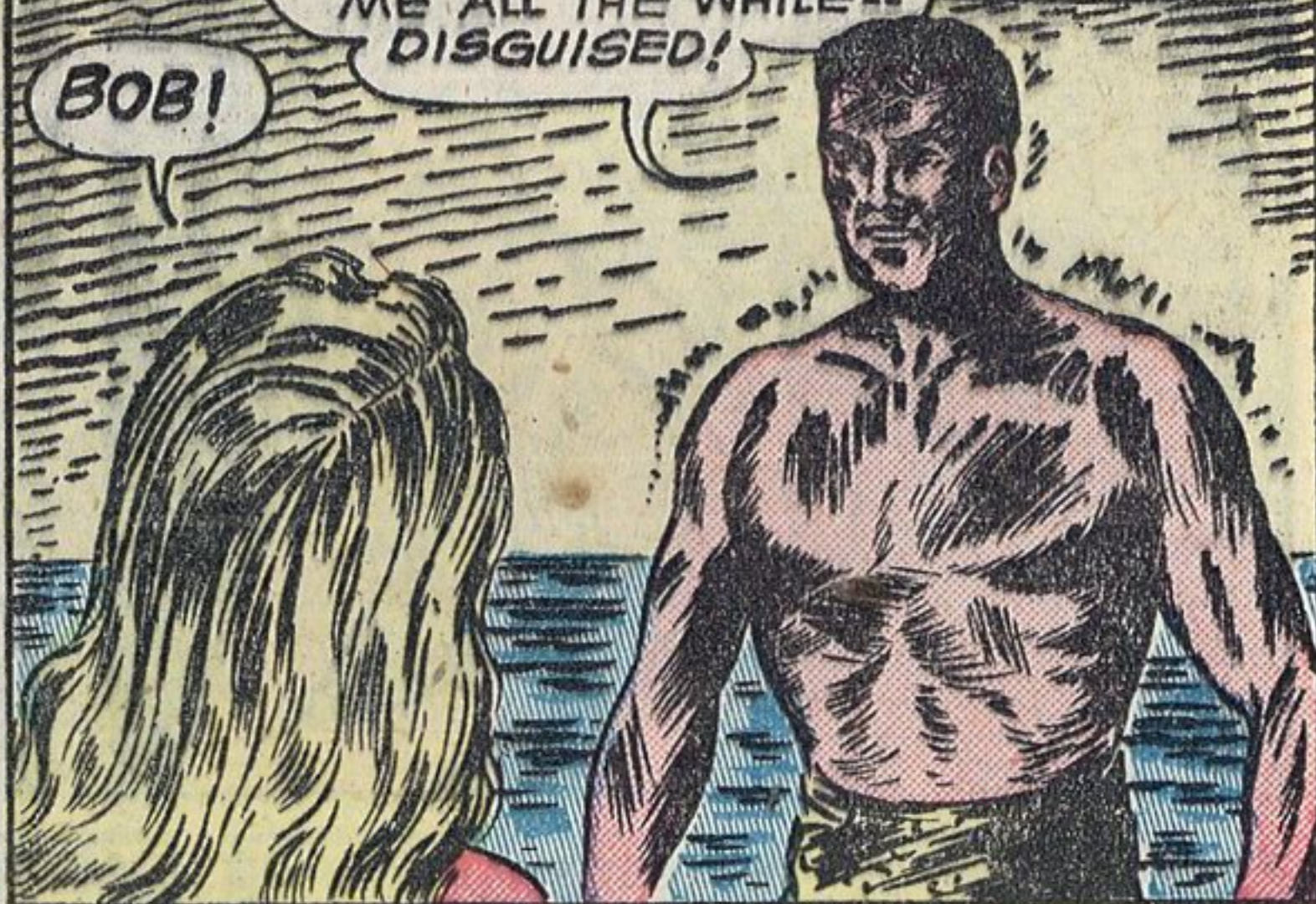
I'M NOT GOING TO TRY TO ESCAPE! NOW THAT YOU'VE CLAIMED BOB-- LIFE MEANS NOTHING TO ME!



SUDDENLY-- IN A FLOOD OF YELLOW MOONLIGHT--

I WAS HOPING YOU COULD HAVE GUESSED SOONER, HONEY! I KNOW WHAT YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH-- BUT I COULDN'T LET ON IT WAS ME ALL THE WHILE-- DISGUISED!

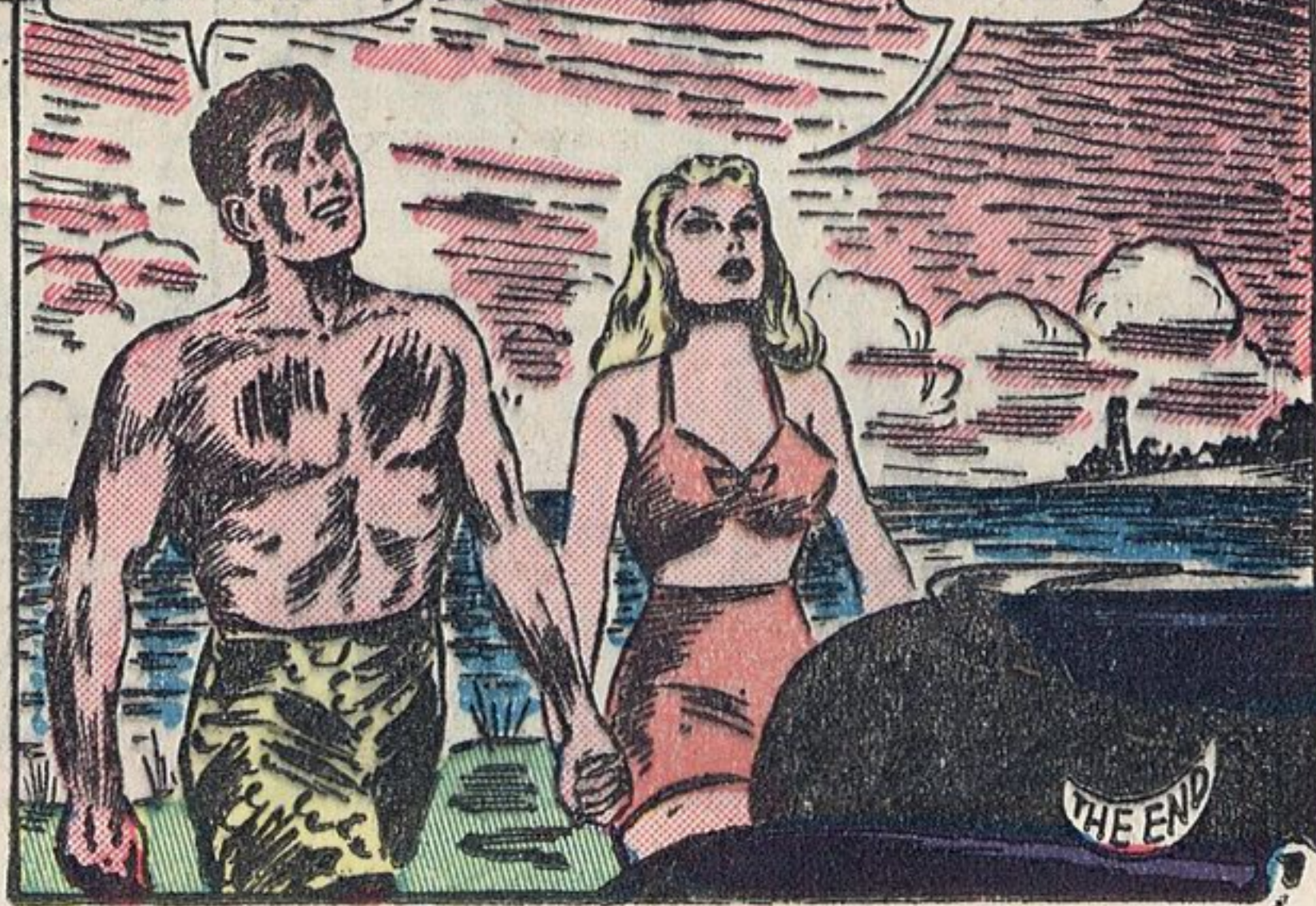
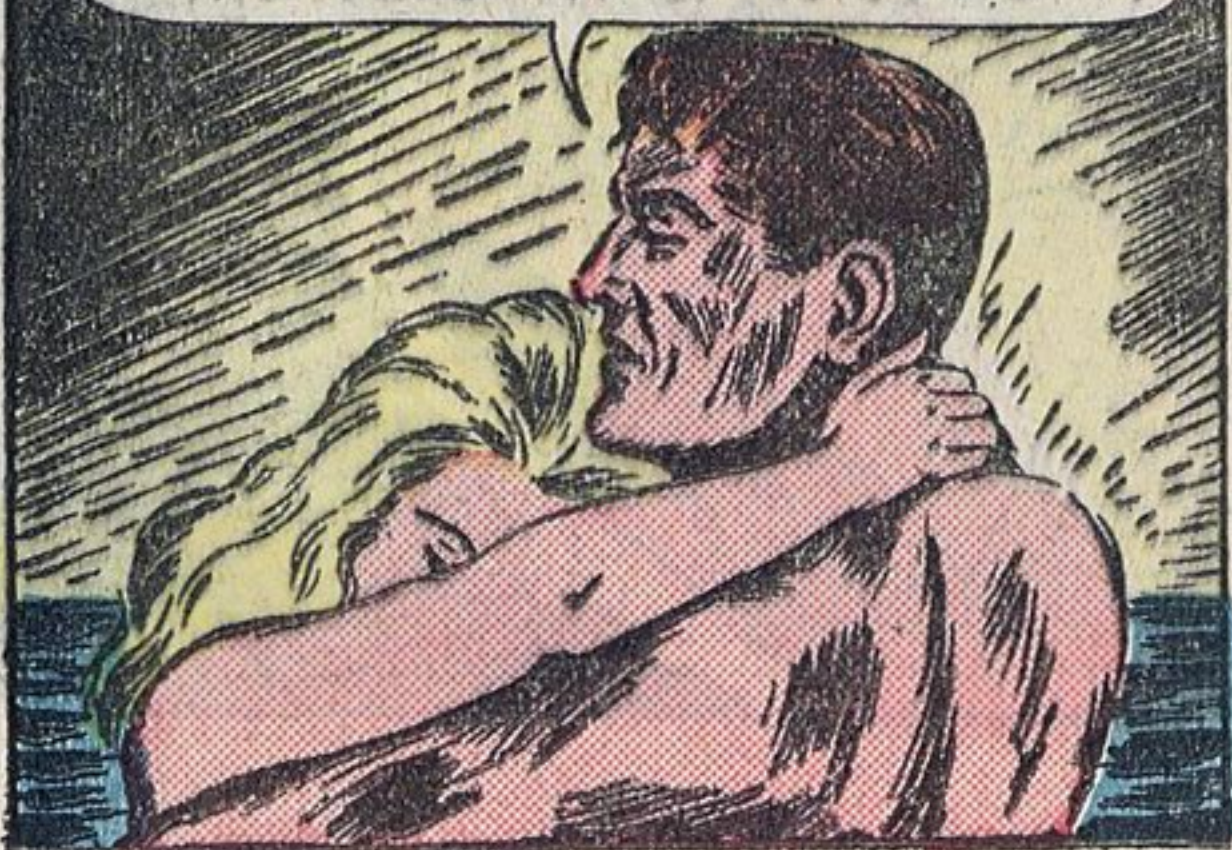
BOB!



SURE, I TOPPLED HUNDREDS OF FEET-- BUT GRAVITY BEING WHAT IT IS ON THE MOON-- I LANDED LIKE A FEATHER! IT WAS AN EASY MATTER TO COVER MY ENTIRE BODY WITH TAR FROM ONE OF THE SMALL CRATERS-- AND I KNEW I'D LOOK LIKE SOMETHING FROM THE PITS OF HADES! IT WAS A CONVINCING DISGUISE UNTIL WE ENTERED THE MOON CHANNEL-- AND THEN IT WAS SWEEPED AWAY BY THE VELOCITY OF OUR FLIGHT!

AS FOR SELENA-- WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HER UNTIL THE NEXT MIDNIGHT ECLIPSE-- AND THAT'S 3,000 YEARS FROM NOW!

OH, DARLING-- NOW THAT WE'RE TOGETHER-- I WON'T WORRY ABOUT IT UNTIL THEN!



THE END

HOUSE of HORROR



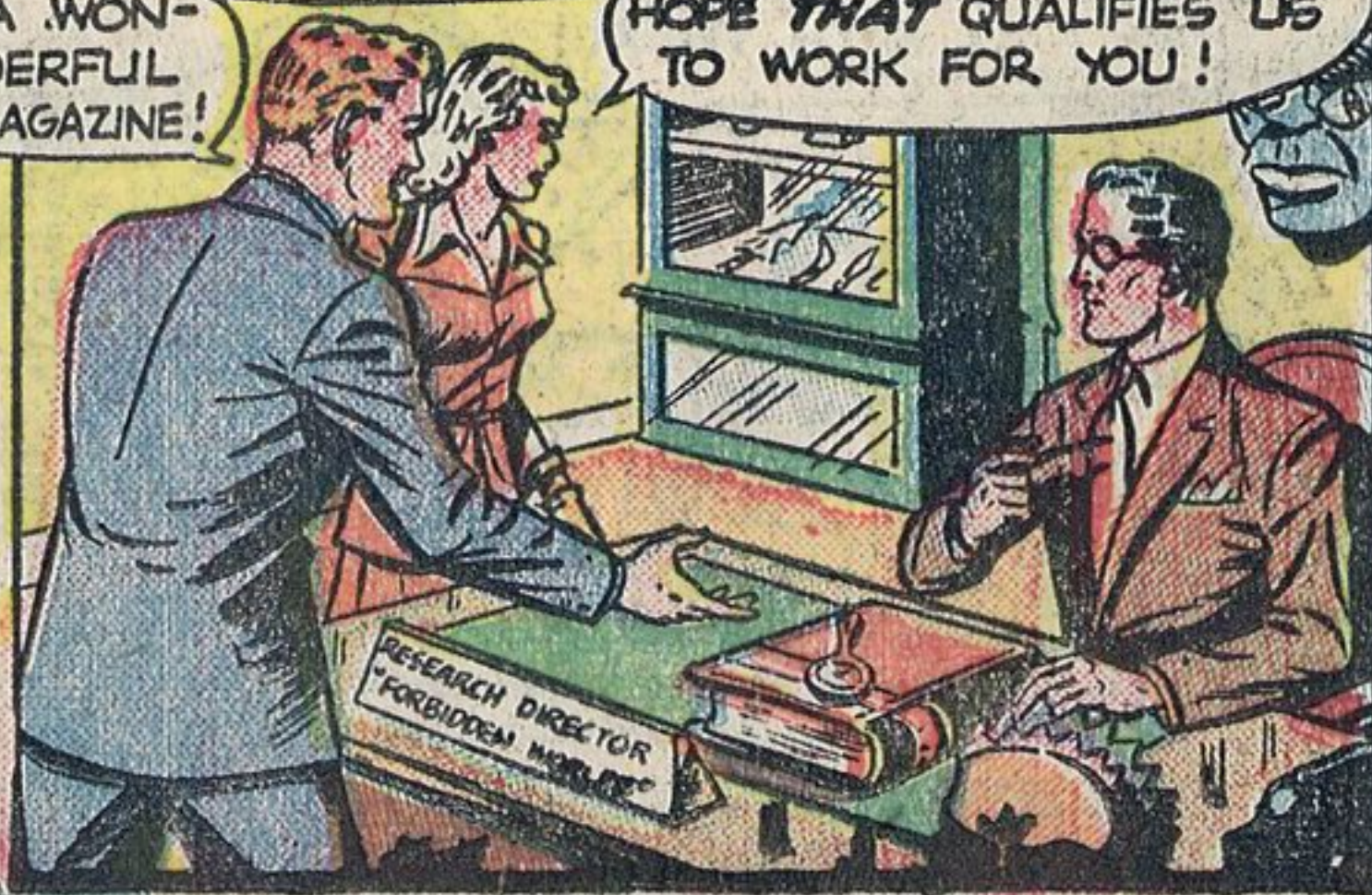
THIS MAGAZINE GOES TO GREAT LENGTHS, GREAT EXPENSE TO FERRET OUT THE MOST FASCINATING AND EERIEST STORIES OF ADVENTURES INTO THE FORBIDDEN REALMS OF THE SUPERNATURAL! BUT HERE'S AN ASTOUNDING CASE THAT WAS PRACTICALLY DUMPED INTO OUR LAPS BY TWO OF OUR FAITHFUL READERS, ALICE CARTER AND KEN BANBRIDGE—WHO HAD THE GUT AND COURAGE TO MAKE THEIR OWN EXPLORATION OF A FORBIDDING HOUSE OF HORROR!

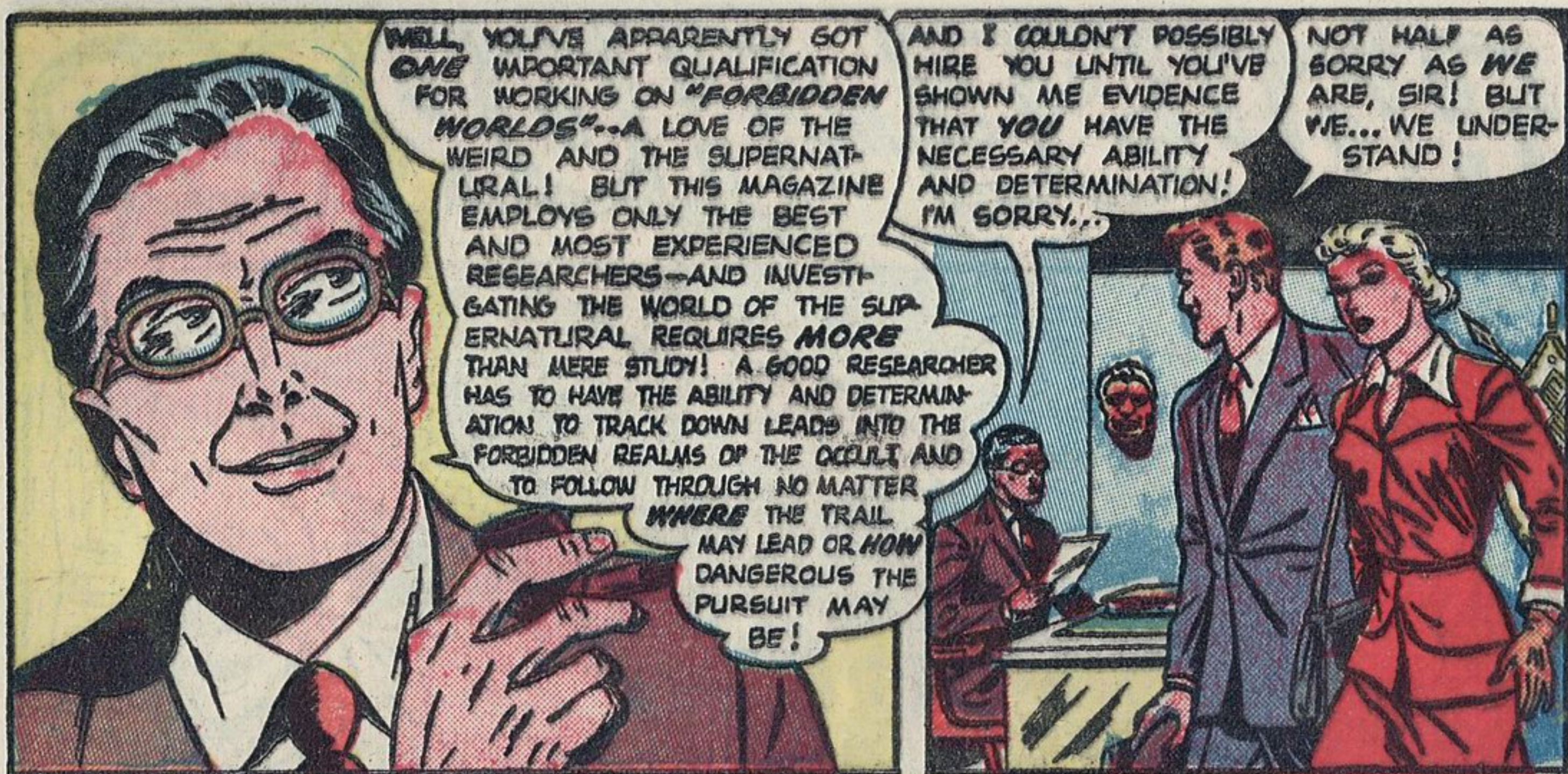
TWO APPLICANTS HERE TO SEE YOU ABOUT JOBS, SIR—THEY SAY THEY'D LIKE TO WORK FOR "FORBIDDEN WORLDS" AS RESEARCHERS OR INVESTIGATORS!

HMM, THE LAST TWO INVESTIGATORS I SENT OUT ON THAT REPORTED GHOST CASE SEEM TO HAVE VANISHED INTO THIN AIR, WITHOUT LEAVING A TRACE—SO I CAN CERTAINLY USE TWO NEW RESEARCHERS! SEND THEM IN, PLEASE!

WE WERE THRILLED BEYOND WORDS BY THE FIRST COUPLE OF ISSUES OF "FORBIDDEN WORLDS", SIR—AND NOTHING WOULD MAKE US HAPPIER THAN TO WORK FOR SUCH A WONDERFUL MAGAZINE!

WE'RE TAKING UP RESEARCH AND INVESTIGATIVE PROCEDURE IN COLLEGE—AS WELL AS READING EVERY BOOK ON THE SUPERNATURAL AND THE OCCULT THAT WE CAN LAY OUR HANDS ON! WE HOPE THAT QUALIFIES US TO WORK FOR YOU!

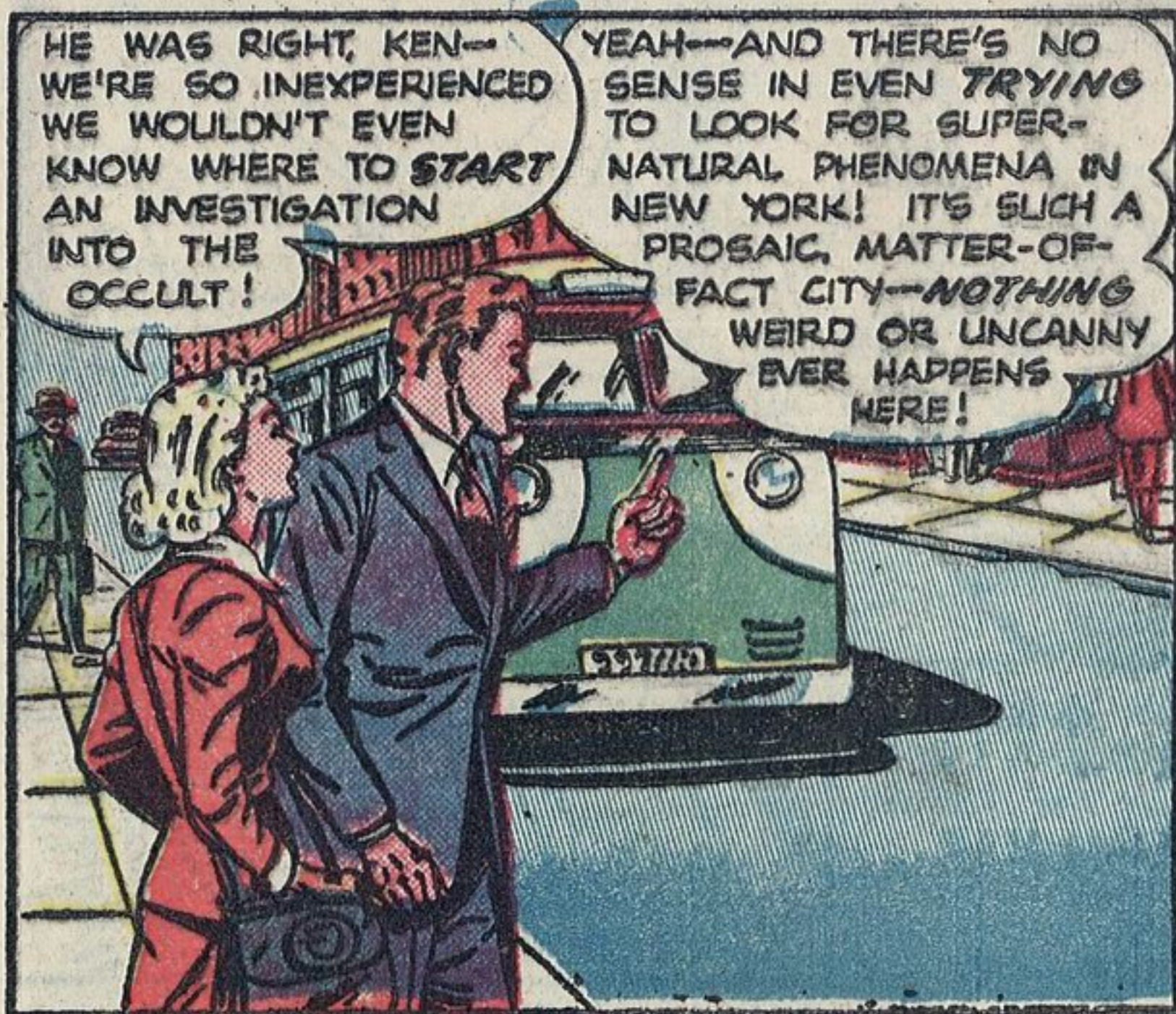




WELL, YOU'VE APPARENTLY GOT **ONE** IMPORTANT QUALIFICATION FOR WORKING ON "FORBIDDEN WORLDS"—A LOVE OF THE WEIRD AND THE SUPERNATURAL! BUT THIS MAGAZINE EMPLOYS ONLY THE BEST AND MOST EXPERIENCED RESEARCHERS—AND INVESTIGATING THE WORLD OF THE SUPERNATURAL REQUIRES **MORE** THAN MERELY STUDY! A GOOD RESEARCHER HAS TO HAVE THE ABILITY AND DETERMINATION TO TRACK DOWN LEADS INTO THE FORBIDDEN REALMS OF THE OCCULT AND TO FOLLOW THROUGH NO MATTER **WHERE** THE TRAIL MAY LEAD OR **HOW** DANGEROUS THE PURSUIT MAY BE!

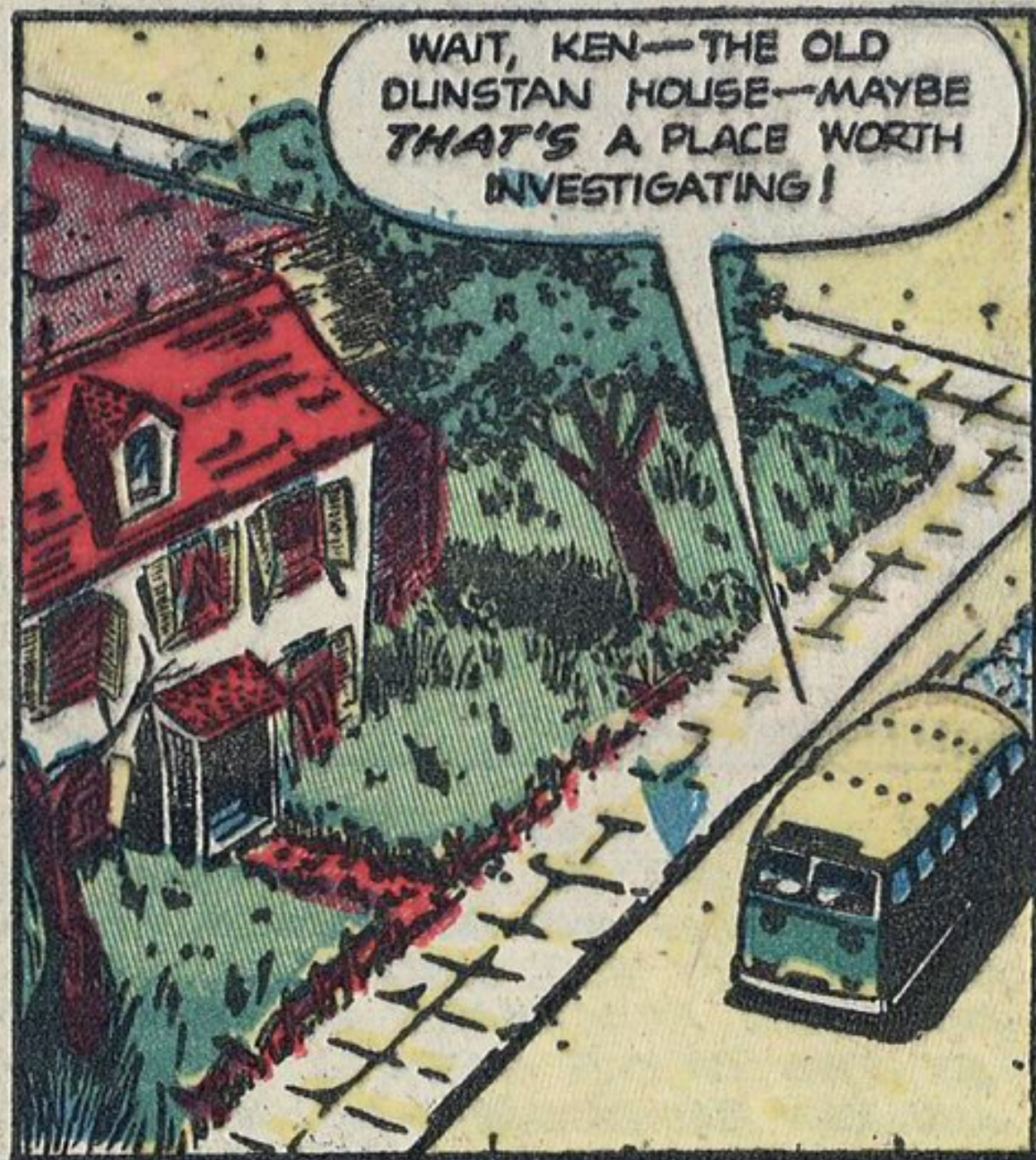
AND I COULDN'T POSSIBLY HIRE YOU UNTIL YOU'VE SHOWN ME EVIDENCE THAT YOU HAVE THE NECESSARY ABILITY AND DETERMINATION! I'M SORRY...

NOT HALF AS SORRY AS WE ARE, SIR! BUT WE... WE UNDERSTAND!



HE WAS RIGHT, KEN—WE'RE SO INEXPERIENCED WE WOULDN'T EVEN KNOW WHERE TO **START** AN INVESTIGATION INTO THE OCCULT!

YEAH—AND THERE'S NO SENSE IN EVEN **TRYING** TO LOOK FOR SUPERNATURAL PHENOMENA IN NEW YORK! IT'S SUCH A PROSAIC, MATTER-OF-FACT CITY—**NOTHING** WEIRD OR UNCANNY EVER HAPPENS HERE!



WAIT, KEN—THE OLD DUNSTAN HOUSE—MAYBE **THAT'S** A PLACE WORTH INVESTIGATING!



I REMEMBER READING ABOUT IT! NO ONE HAS SEEN THE OLD DUNSTAN COUPLE FOR 20-ODD YEARS, AND NO ONE HAS ENTERED THE HOUSE IN ALL THAT TIME! A DELIVERY BOY LEAVES GROCERIES EACH MORNING, AND THAT'S THE ONLY CONTACT ANYONE HAS HAD WITH THEM!

WHAT'S SO SUPERNATURAL ABOUT **THAT**? THEY'RE JUST A COUPLE OF HERMITS WHO WANT NOTHING TO DO WITH THE WORLD!



WELL, DR. DUNSTAN WAS ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS BRAIN SPECIALISTS IN THE COUNTRY—AND HE WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN VERY ILL WHEN HE BOARDED HIMSELF UP IN THAT HOUSE AT THE AGE OF 89 WITH HIS WIFE—20 YEARS AGO!

GOSH, ALICE, THAT WOULD MAKE HIM **109**—IF HE'S STILL ALIVE!



EXACTLY! AND IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE - A MAN AS ILL AS HE WAS COULD LIVE SO LONG--UNLESS HE FOUND THE **SECRET OF LIFE AFTER DEATH!**

HMM, THAT IS A THEORY TO WORK ON--JUST THE KIND OF STUFF THAT "**FORBIDDEN WORLDS**" MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN! BUT--IT MIGHT BE KIND OF RISKY TO GET INTO THE HOUSE AND TRACK THIS DOWN!



AFRAID?

ME--AFRAID? I'LL MEET YOU HERE AT MIDNIGHT, ALICE--- AND THEN WE'LL **SEE!**



[IN THE DEAD OF MIDNIGHT...]
I...I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF BREAKING INTO THE HOUSE, ALICE! AFTER ALL, IT'S AGAINST THE LAW!

SHHH! LOOK, KEN!



THAT OUGHTA MAKE A BIG ENOUGH HOLE TA CRAWL THROUGH!

YEAH--AN' WE OUGHTA FIND A **FORTUNE** IN HERE, IF WHAT THE PAPERS SAY IS RIGHT! KEEP YER GAT HANDY IN CASE THE TWO OLD GEEZERS PUT UP A FUSS!



AS THE BURGLARS DISAPPEAR INTO THE HOUSE...

LISTEN--THAT THUD--IT SOUNDS AS IF SOMEONE WAS JUST HIT WITH A BLACKJACK OR GUN! COME ON--IT'S NOT AGAINST THE LAW TO TRY TO STOP A ROBBERY OR MURDER!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT--THAT OLD COUPLE WILL BE **HELPLESS** AGAINST THOSE TWO THUGS! WE'VE GOT TO HELP THEM!



WHAT AN EERIE PLACE! I DON'T EVEN NEED MY FLASHLIGHT--THAT STRANGE, WEIRD GLOW BACK THERE GIVES US ENOUGH LIGHT!

COME ON--LET'S SEE WHAT'S **CAUSING** THAT GLOW!



KEN--L... LOOK!



IT SPOTTED US, **WHATEVER** IT IS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE--**FAST!**

MARTHA--**TWO MORE! GET THEM!**



OHH---**ANOTHER ONE!**

AH---A GIRL---**SO YOUNG, SO FULL OF LIFE...**



WE'RE NOT TRAP-**PED** YET, ALICE---**LET'S MAKE A BREAK FOR THE WINDOW!**

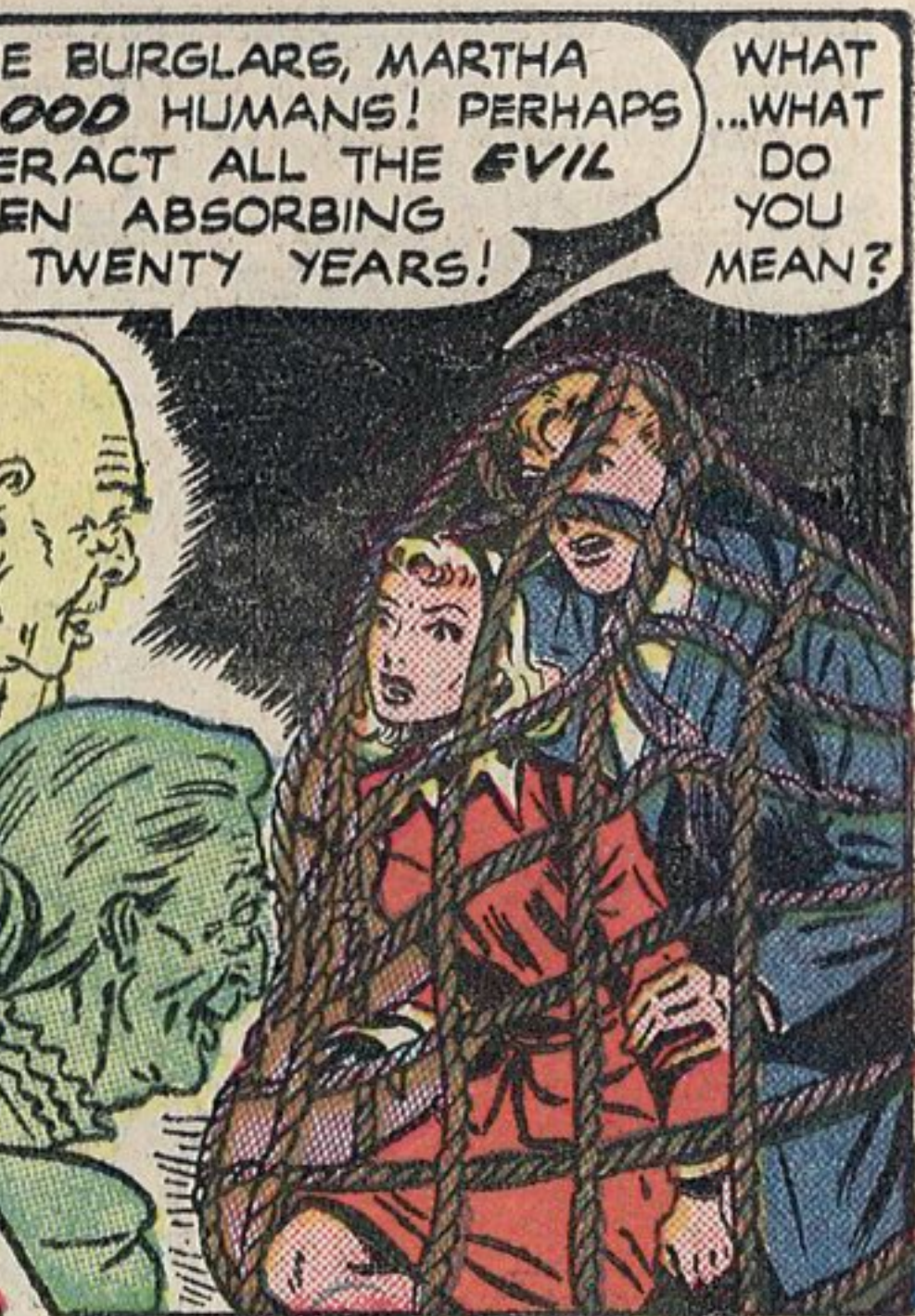
HEH--HEH---**OTHER HOUSEBREAK-ERS TRIED THAT IN THE PAST--AND FAILED!**



WHAM!

THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE BURGLARS, MARTHA---THEY LOOK LIKE **GOOD** HUMANS! PERHAPS **THEY** WILL COUNTERACT ALL THE **EVIL** SPIRITS WE'VE BEEN ABSORBING FOR THE LAST TWENTY YEARS!

WHAT...WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



IN THE COURSE OF MY BRAIN RESEARCHES WHEN I WAS HUMAN AND ALIVE, I DISCOVERED THAT THE **ELAN VITAL**---OR HUMAN **SPIRIT**--IS LOCATED IN THE MEDULLA! AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH, IT IS RELEASED FROM THE BRAIN! FOR YEARS I EXPERIMENTED SECRETLY--UNTIL I DISCOVERED A METHOD OF **CAPTURING** THE MYSTIC FLUID FROM A DYING HUMAN!

AND HE FOUND OUT HOW TO TRANSFER IT INTO A CORPSE, TRANSFORMING IT INTO A SPIRIT THAT CAN LIVE FOREVER BY FEEDING PERIODICALLY ON ADDITIONAL **ELAN VITAL!**

BUT BY THE TIME I MADE MY DISCOVERY, I HAD ONLY A FEW MORE WEEKS TO LIVE! I TAUGHT THE METHOD TO MY WIFE, AND THEN WE BOTH LOCKED OURSELVES INTO THIS HOUSE, AFTER MAKING SURE THAT RUMORS SPREAD ABOUT THE WEALTH WE HAD HIDDEN HERE!

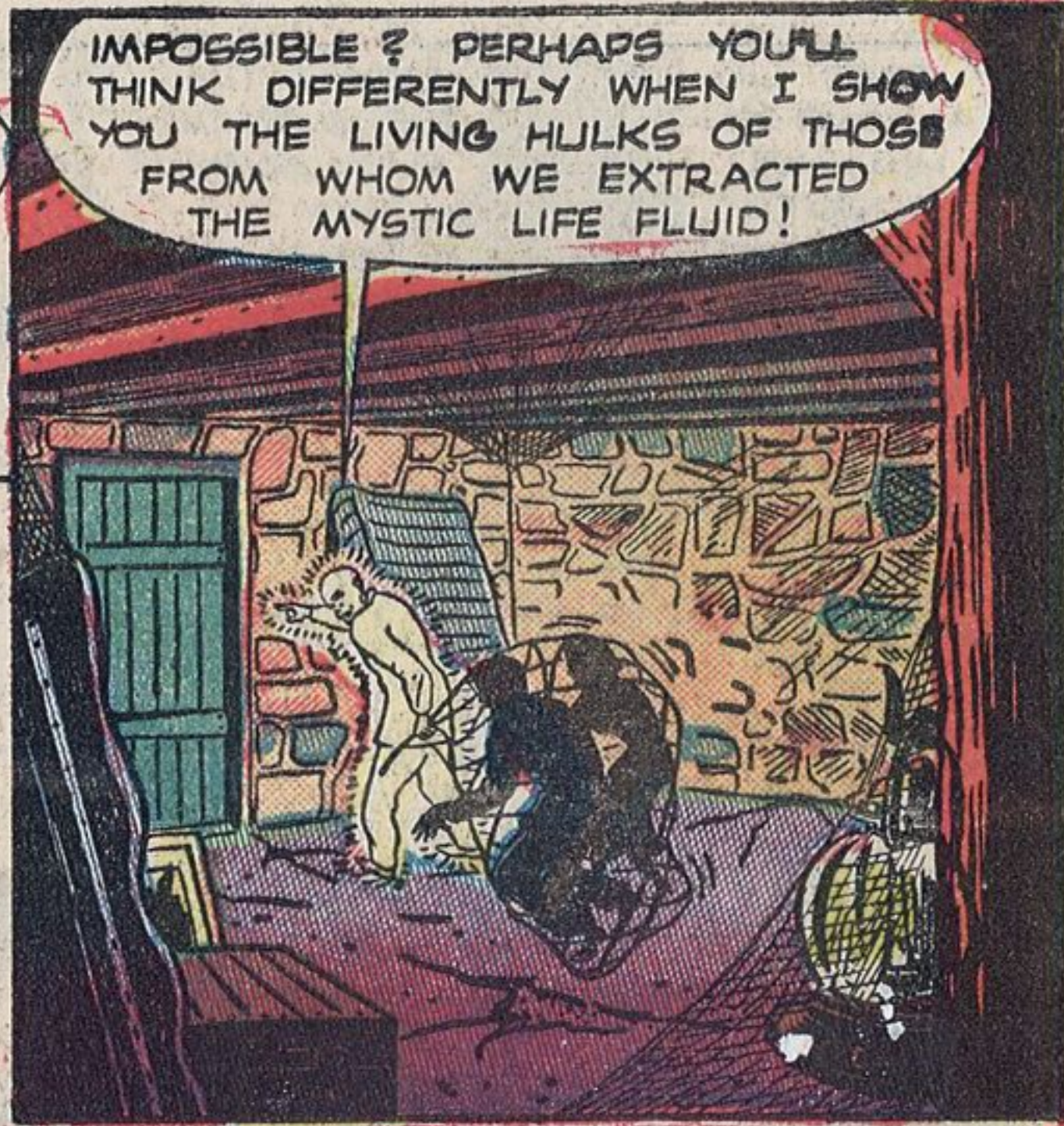


THEN ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS WAIT FOR THIEVES, LURED BY THE RUMORS OF OUR HIDDEN TREASURE! WE OVERCAME THEM BY MEANS OF TRAPS---AND WHEN I DIED, MARTHA TRANSFERRED THEIR ELAN VITAL TO ME, AND GAVE ME LIFE-AFTER-DEATH! WHEN SHE DIED, I DID THE SAME FOR *HER*!

IT... IT'S FANTASTIC ---IMPOSSIBLE!



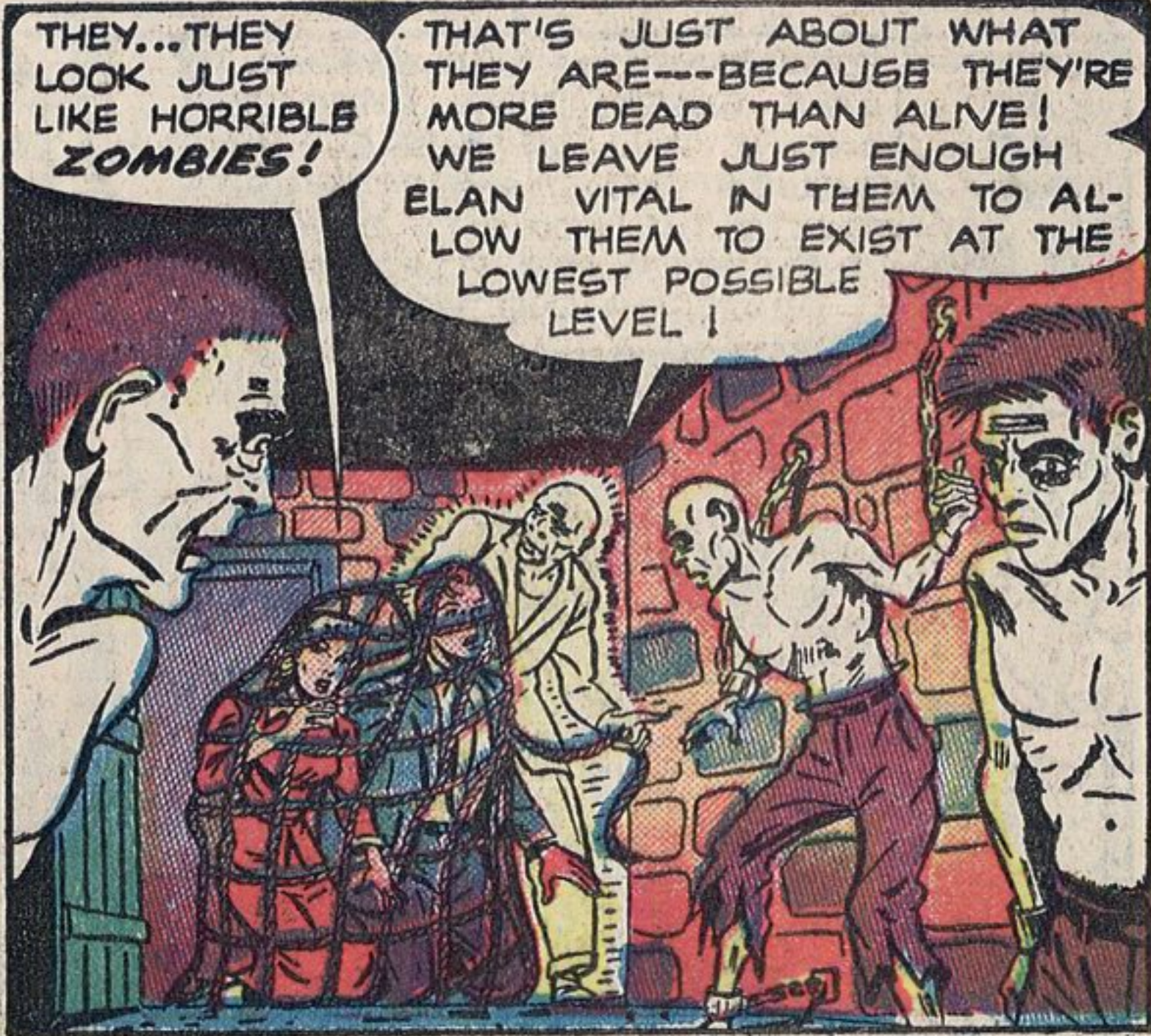
IMPOSSIBLE? PERHAPS YOU'LL THINK DIFFERENTLY WHEN I SHOW YOU THE LIVING HULKS OF THOSE FROM WHOM WE EXTRACTED THE MYSTIC LIFE FLUID!



THERE---SEE THOSE WHO HAVE GIVEN MARTHA AND ME PERPETUAL LIFE!



THEY...THEY LOOK JUST LIKE HORRIBLE ZOMBIES!



THAT'S JUST ABOUT WHAT THEY ARE---BECAUSE THEY'RE MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE! WE LEAVE JUST ENOUGH ELAN VITAL IN THEM TO ALLOW THEM TO EXIST AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE LEVEL!

THEN, IN CASE THERE'S A SHORTAGE OF HOUSEBREAKERS AT ANY TIME, WE JUST NURSE THEM ALONG UNTIL THEY'RE NORMAL AGAIN---AND WITHDRAW ANOTHER QUOTA OF LIFE FLUID! AND THAT'S WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO TO YOU TWO!

WAIT---YOU WERE ONCE A GREAT BENEFACTOR OF HUMANITY, DR. DUNSTAN---AND THE FACT THAT YOU CHOSE TO DO THIS ONLY TO THE EVIL MEMBERS OF SOCIETY SHOWS THAT YOU HAD A CONSCIENCE! BUT WE'RE NOT EVIL---YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO US!

YES, I *DID* HAVE A CONSCIENCE---BUT NO LONGER! REMEMBER, WE'VE BEEN ABSORBING EVIL SPIRITS FOR 20 YEARS NOW!

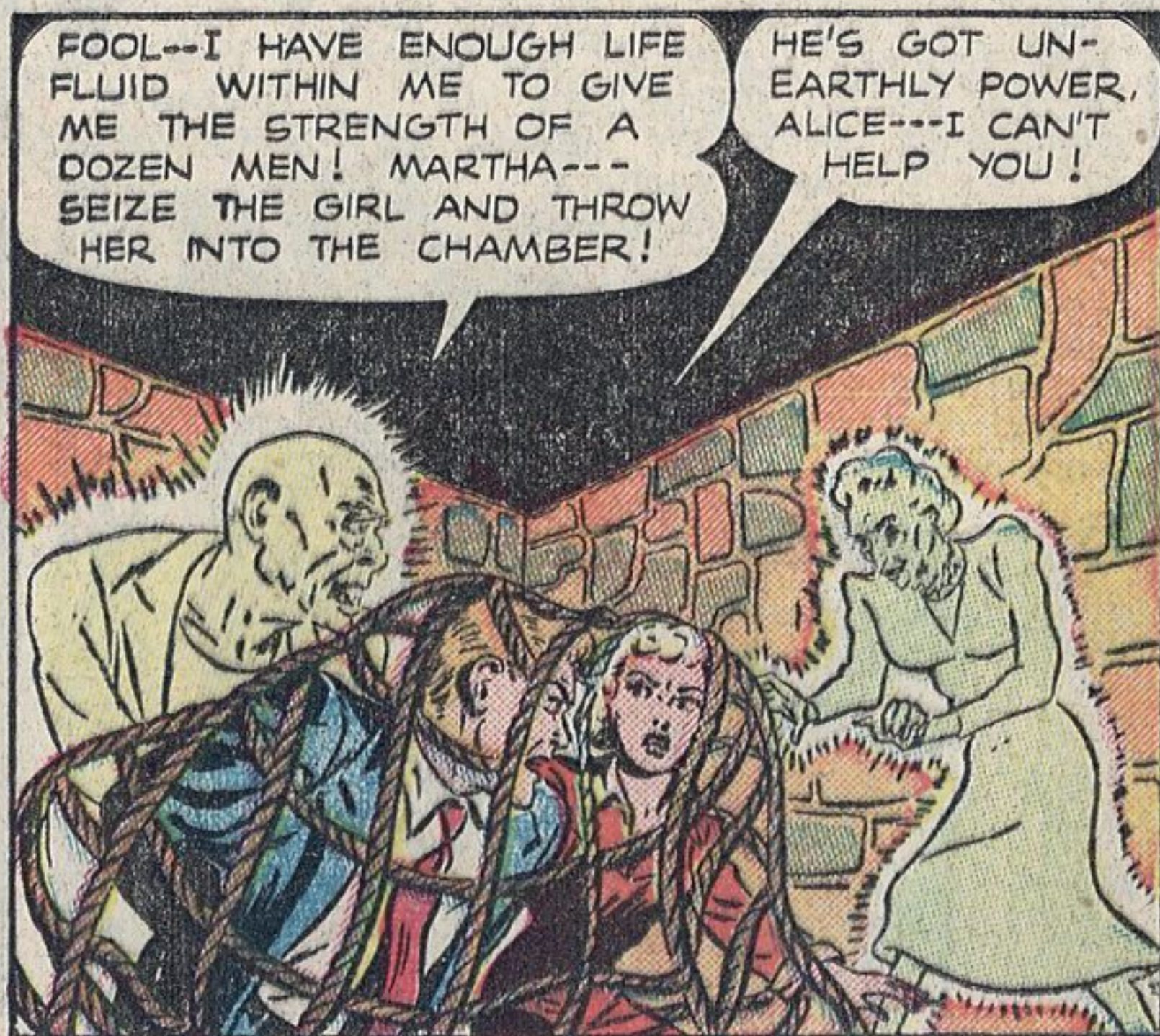
THAT'S WHY EVEN OUR *APPEARANCES* HAVE CHANGED! BUT PERHAPS ABSORBING THE SPIRITS OF TWO *GOOD* HUMANS WILL COUNTERACT THE EVIL IN US!--THE GIRL FIRST, AMOS!





DON'T LAY
A HAND ON
HER, YOU
MONSTER!

KEN! THE...
THE BLOW DIDN'T
EVEN **BUDGE**
HIM!



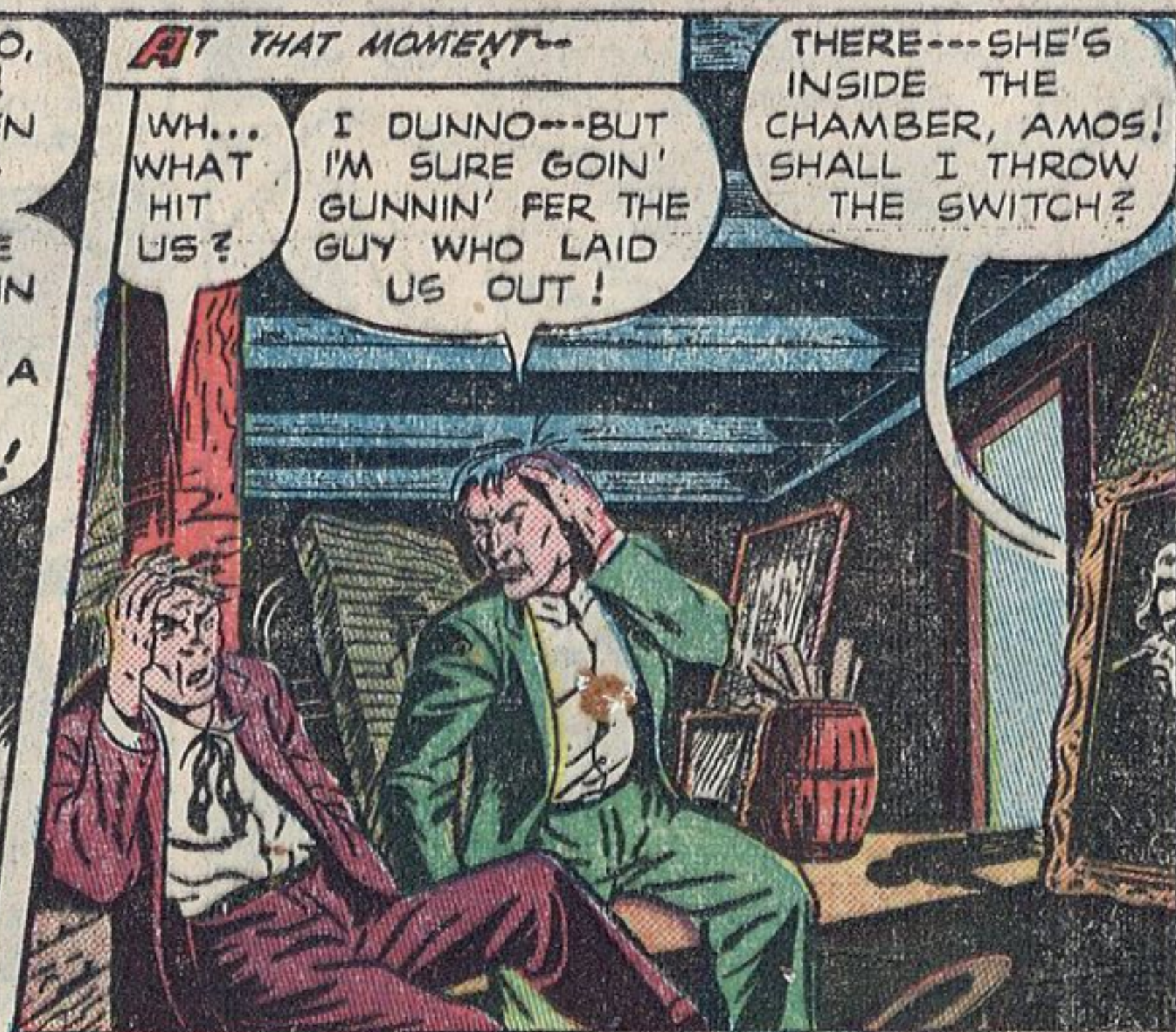
FOOL--I HAVE ENOUGH LIFE
FLUID WITHIN ME TO GIVE
ME THE STRENGTH OF A
DOZEN MEN! MARTHA---
SEIZE THE GIRL AND THROW
HER INTO THE CHAMBER!

HE'S GOT UN-
EARTHLY POWER,
ALICE---I CAN'T
HELP YOU!



**STOP--
LET
ME
GO!**

RESISTANCE IS USELESS--I, TOO,
HAVE SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH!
AND IT WILL BE PAINLESS, EVEN
THOUGH THE CHAMBER BRINGS
YOU TO THE POINT OF DEATH!
THEN YOUR LIFE FLUID WILL BE
DRAINED---AND YOU WILL JOIN
THE OTHER
ZOMBIES IN A
**LIVING
DEATH!**



AT THAT MOMENT--

WH...
WHAT
HIT
US?

I DUNNO---BUT
I'M SURE GOIN'
GUNNIN' FER THE
GUY WHO LAID
US OUT!

THERE---SHE'S
INSIDE THE
CHAMBER, AMOS!
SHALL I THROW
THE SWITCH?



WAIT---
LOOK---
**THE
BURGLARS!**

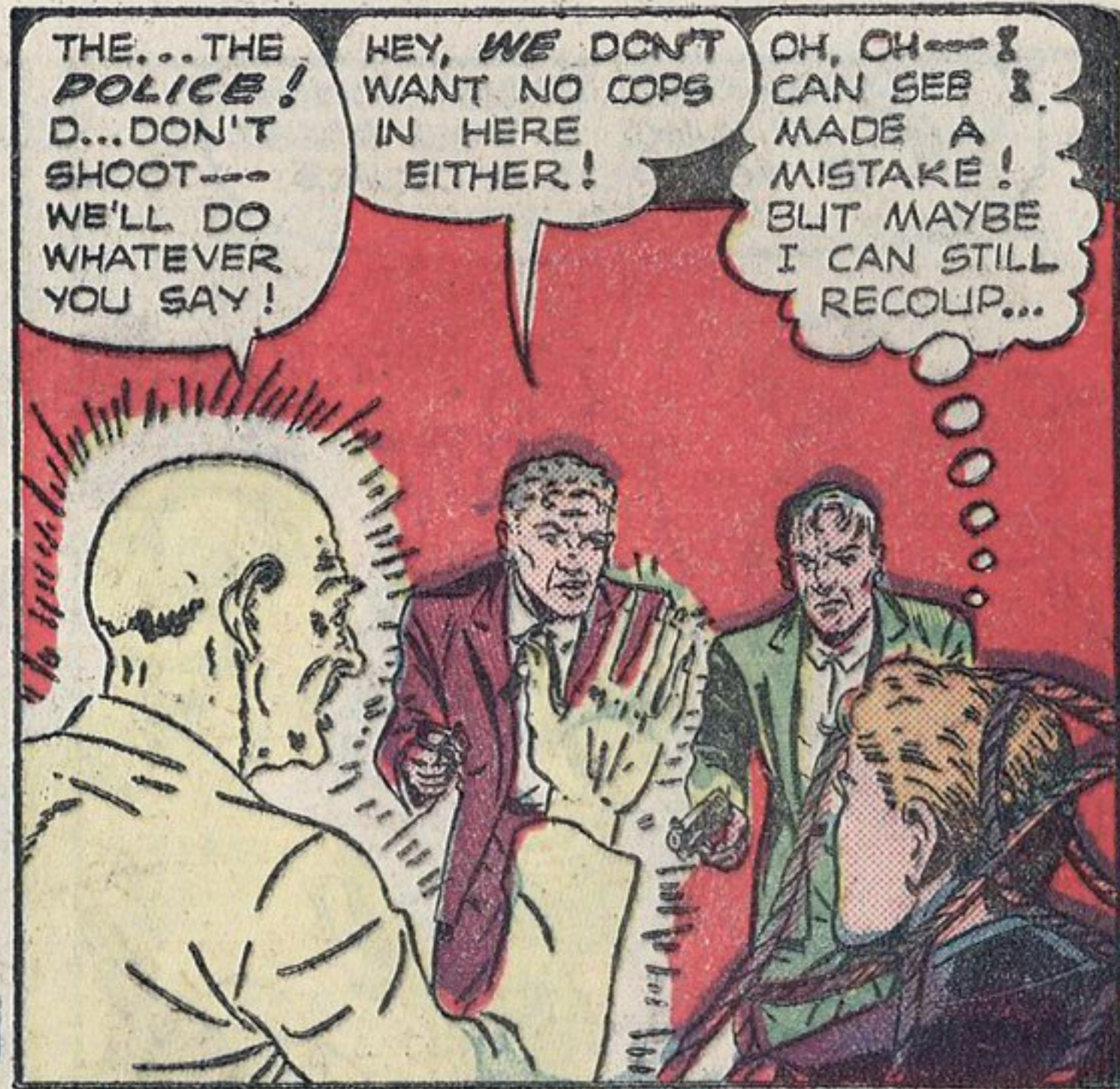
AMOS---WE FORGOT
ABOUT THEM!

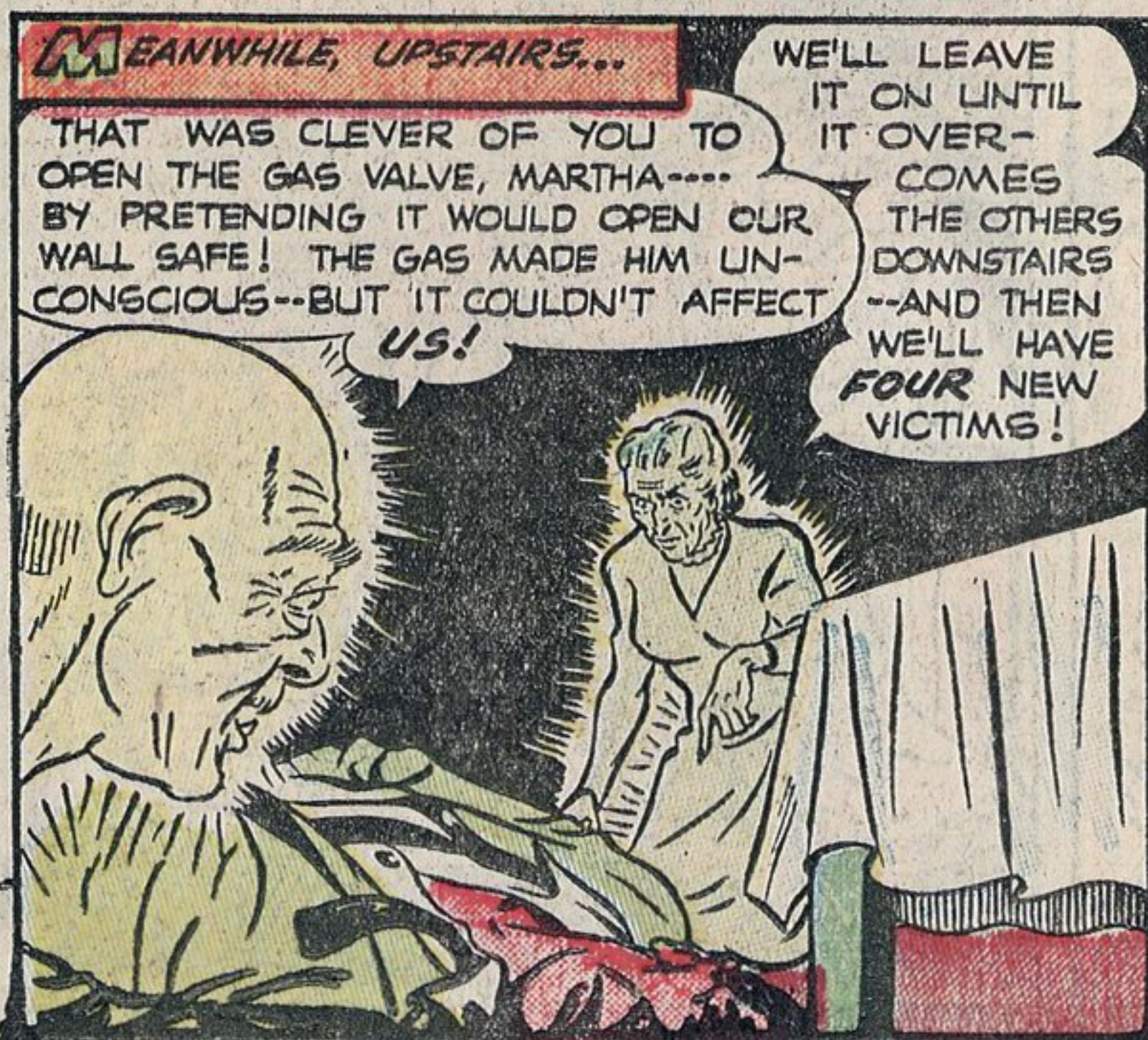
NOBODY
MAKE A MOVE!
OR WE START
SHOOTIN'!



IF YOU'VE GOT TO
SHOOT, PICK ON **THEM!**
THEY WOULD HAVE
CHANGED BOTH OF
YOU INTO **ZOMBIES**,
LIKE THOSE
THINGS CHAINED
TO THE WALL
BACK THERE,
IF WE HADN'T
STOPPED
THEM!

YOU MEAN
WE WOULD
ENDED UP
LIKE **THAT?**





MINUTES LATER, BY THE TIME THE GAS HAS CIRCULATED THROUGHOUT THE HOUSE...

THERE---WE'RE OUT AND NOW I'LL JUST FIRE A SHOT TO SUMMON THE POLICE!



BUT THE MOMENT KEN FIRES INTO THE EXPLOSIVE GAS...



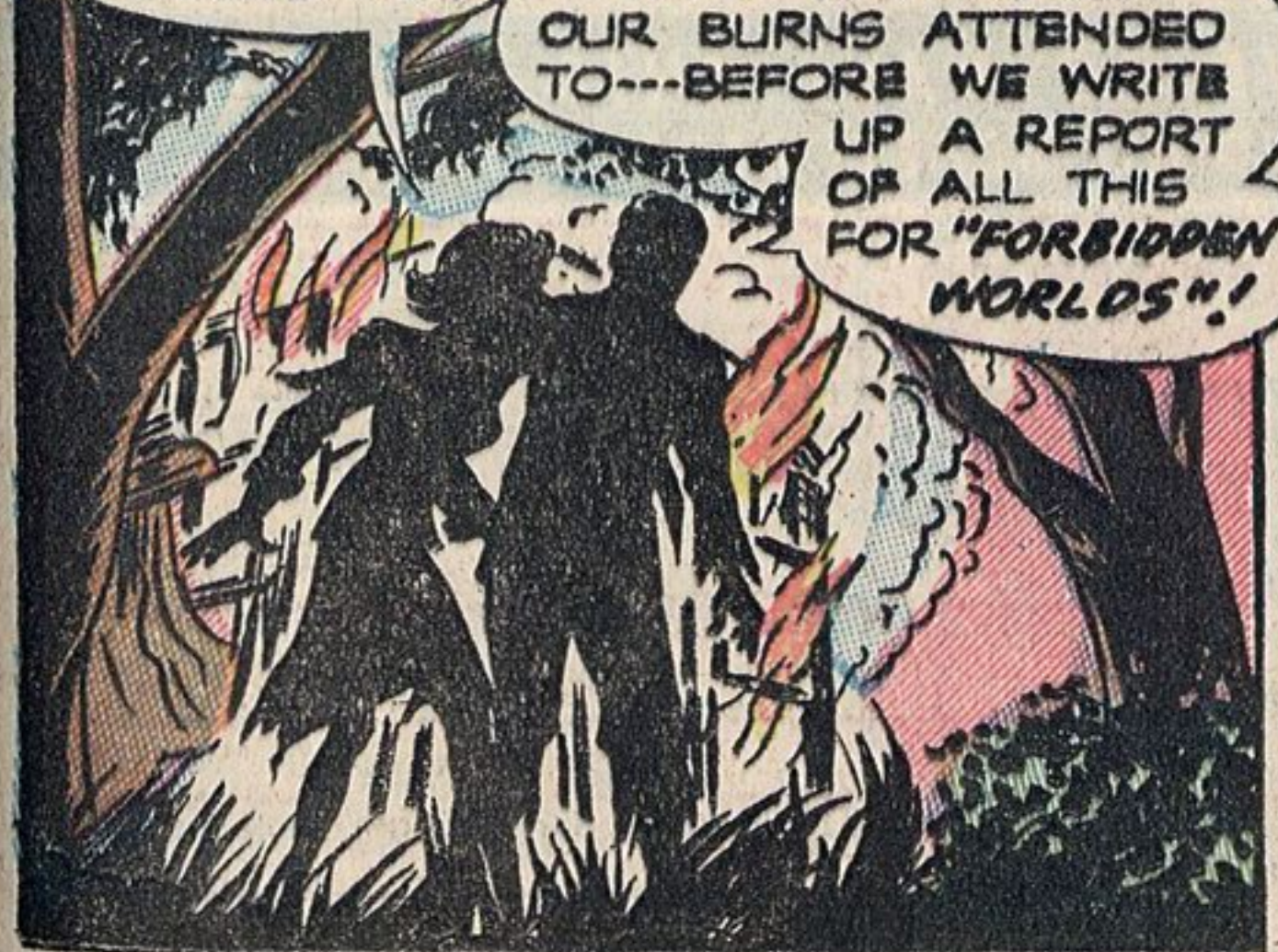
INSIDE, WHERE THE CONFLAGRATION HAS SPREAD INSTANTLY...



THAT...THAT AWFUL SCREAM SOUNDED AS IF IT CAME FROM THE DUNSTANS, KEN---BUT WHAT ABOUT THE **ZOMBIES?**

WE'LL NEVER SEE THEM AGAIN! THEY'RE TRAPPED IN THAT IN-FERNO---BUT AT LEAST THEY HAD THEIR RE-VENGE! AND NOW WE'D BETTER GET OUR BURNS ATTENDED TO---BEFORE WE WRITE UP A REPORT OF ALL THIS FOR "FORBIDDEN WORLDS"!

THAT'S **QUITE** A STORY YOU HAVE HERE! THERE'S NOTHING LEFT OF THE DUNSTAN HOUSE TO PROVE IT, BUT I DON'T THINK YOU'D BURN YOURSELVES JUST TO MAKE IT ALL LOOK CONVINCING! I THINK I'LL HAVE THE STORY PRINTED, AND LET THE READERS JUDGE IT FOR THEMSELVES! AND OH, BY THE WAY--YOU'RE BOTH **HIRED!**



THE END

THE SHOW'S ON,
GANG!

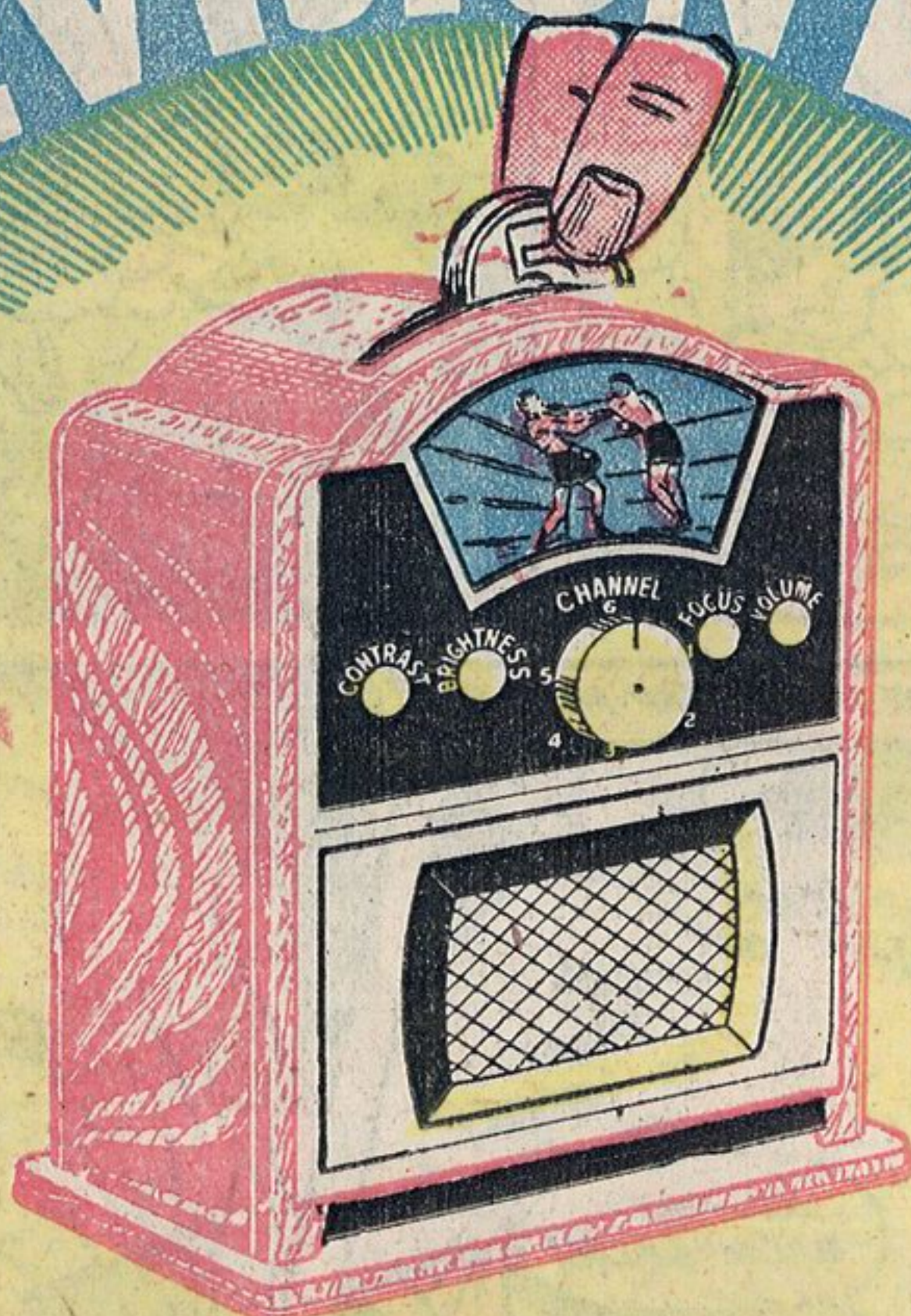
New! Super-Duper! Simply Terrific!

TELEVISION BANK

LIGHTS UP!

LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST TELEVISION SETS!

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES IN FULL COLOR!
- HITS EVERY TELEVISION HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALL!
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!



ALL-STEEL CONSTRUCTION

**ONLY
\$1.98**

**COMPLETE WITH
BATTERY AND BULB!**

Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midget wonder!

LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN just flick a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE! Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE! When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tennis games scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST! Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

IT'S A MONEY—in EVERY DETAIL! You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4 1/4" x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

... BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL NEW TELEVISION BANK! SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY!

NEWEST DECORATOR'S NOTE TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last work in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

SEAGEE CO., 2 Allen St., Dept. 31BA New York 2, N. Y.

SEAGEE CO., Dept. 31BA
2 Allen Street, New York 2, N. Y.

Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name _____

(Please Print Plainly)

Street _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

☐ I enclose \$1.98. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's good night!"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you— are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they want to!

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man," who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

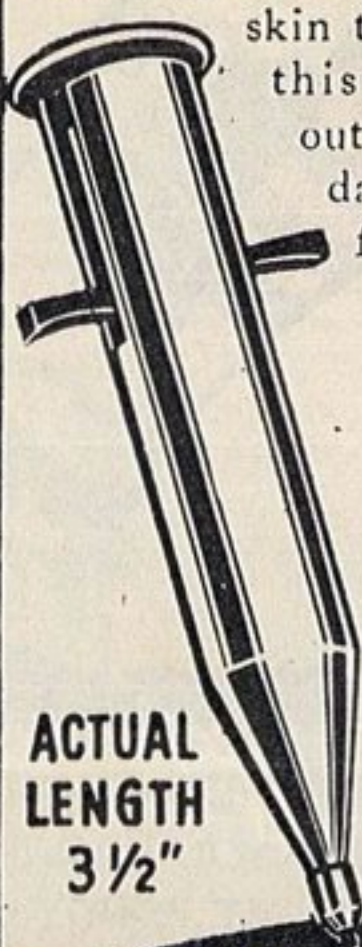
Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it—with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!

A comic strip featuring four characters. A boy with blackheads says, "I WONDER WHY WE'RE NOT POPULAR SIS?" A girl with blackheads says, "ASK YOUR FRIEND TOM." Tom, who has no blackheads, says, "TOM, WHY DON'T SIS AND I GET INVITED TO PROMS AND PARTIES?" A girl with blackheads says, "FRANKLY, JIM IT'S THOSE UGLY BLACKHEADS." Below the comic, a large banner reads: "FELLOWS! GIRLS! Keep Skin Clear and Clean! UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX".

NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germy fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX—now!



ACTUAL
LENGTH
3 1/2"

RUSH
COUPON
NOW!

**10 DAY
TRIAL OFFER**

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only \$1.00 plus postage. Or save all postage by enclosing \$1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way—just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get \$1 back. Order today!



**No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!**



Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—release extractor—and blackhead's out!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 411
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

- ☐ Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.
- ☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.

My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

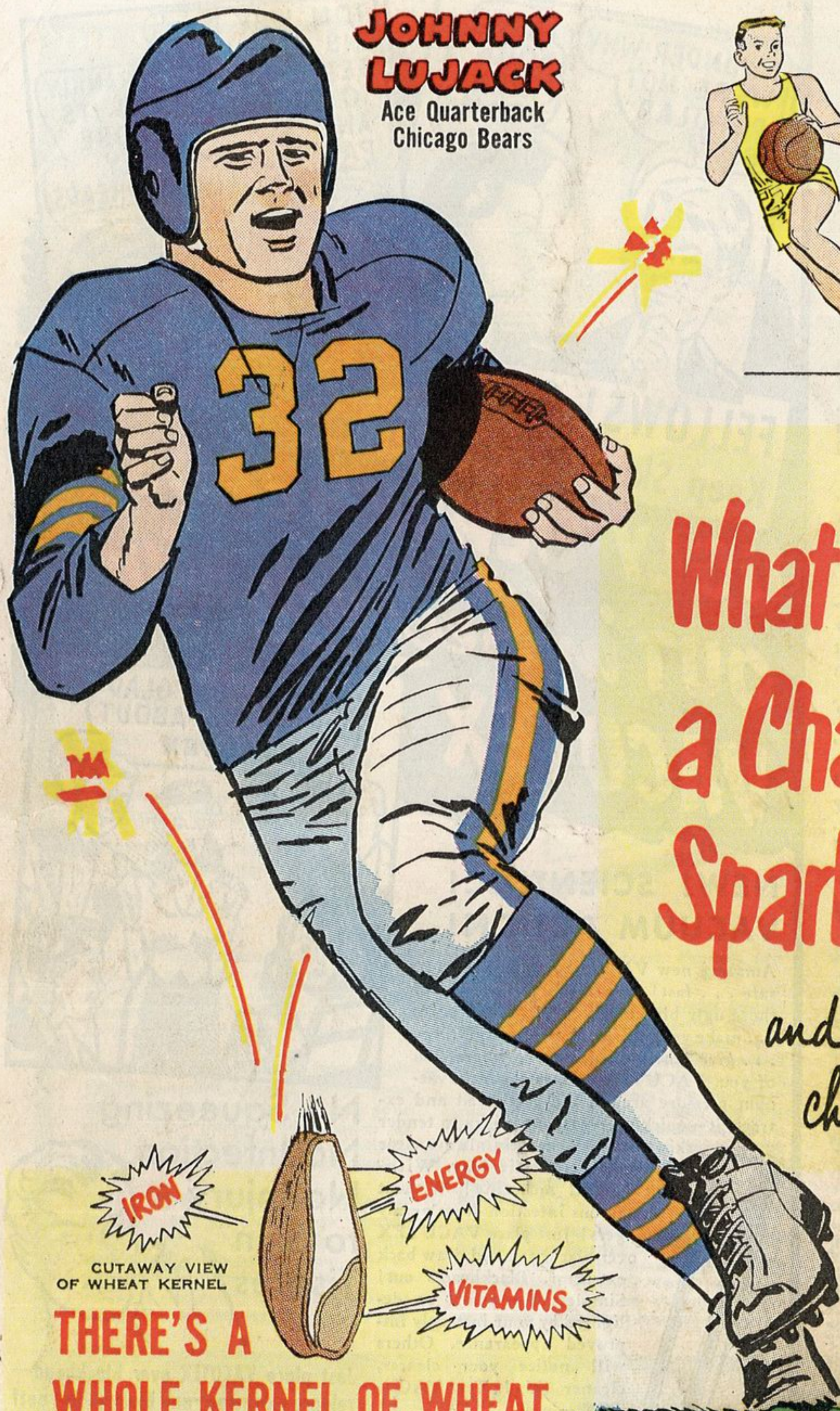
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.

**JOHNNY
LUJACK**

Ace Quarterback
Chicago Bears



**What Sparks
a Champion
Sparks You!**

*and Champions
choose Wheaties!*



CUTAWAY VIEW
OF WHEAT KERNEL



ENERGY

VITAMINS

**THERE'S A
WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT
IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE**

Hitting the line—or hitting the books—you need lots of energy to see you through. Pour on the wheat-power. Eat lots of Wheaties like the champions do!

"Breakfast of Champions"

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills

WHEATIES ENERGY
HELPS YOU CARRY THE
BALL AT WHATEVER
YOU DO!

